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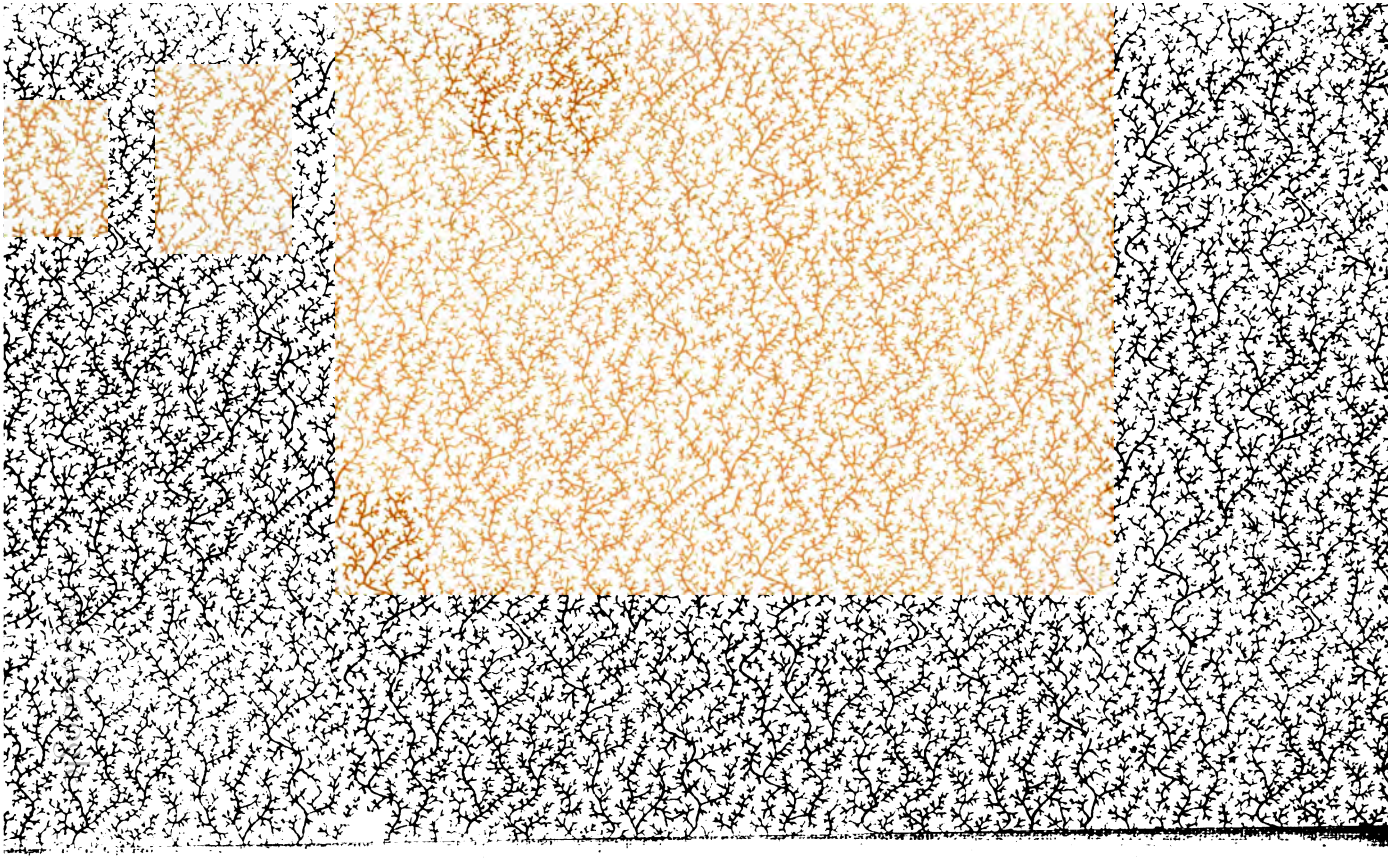

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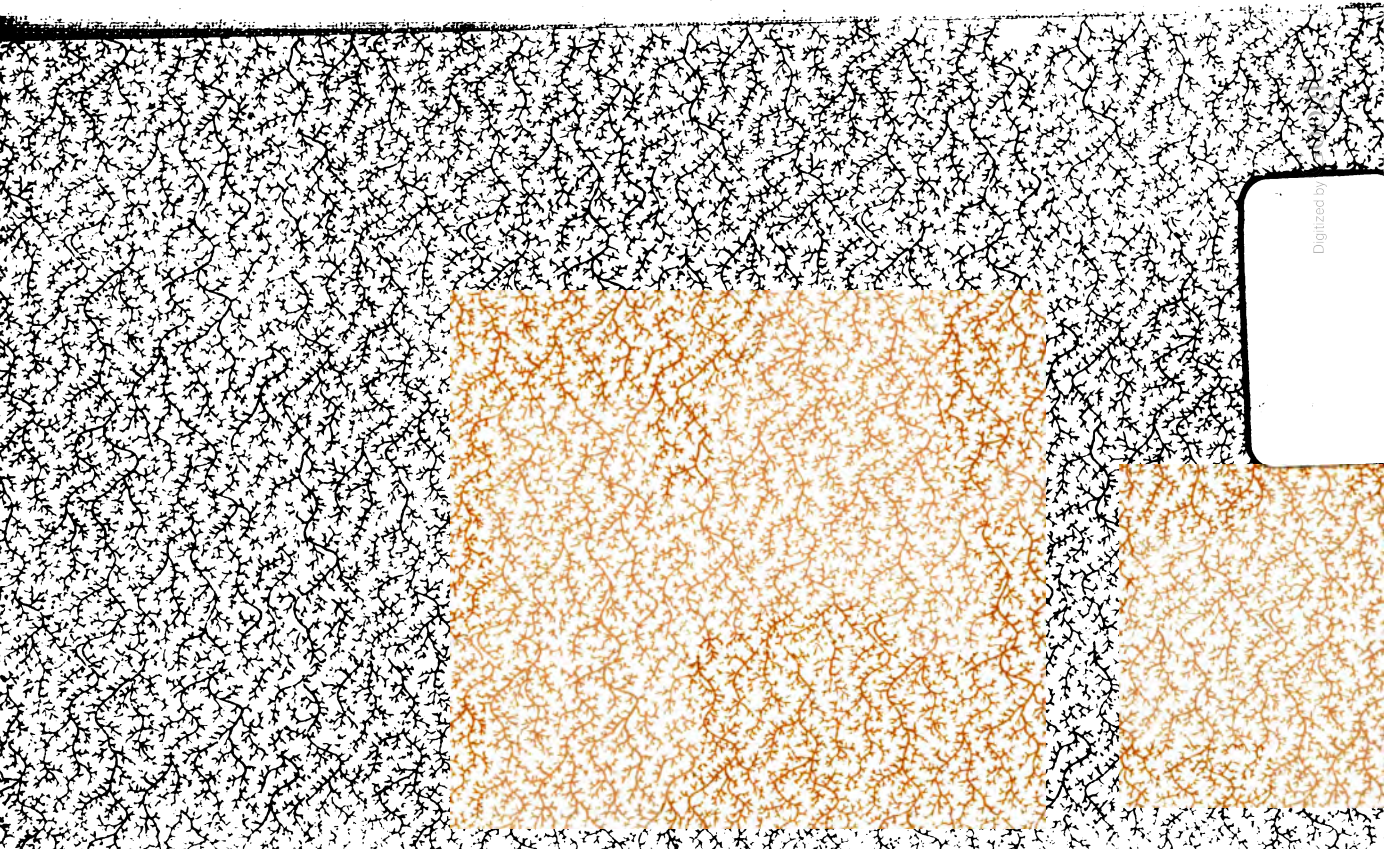

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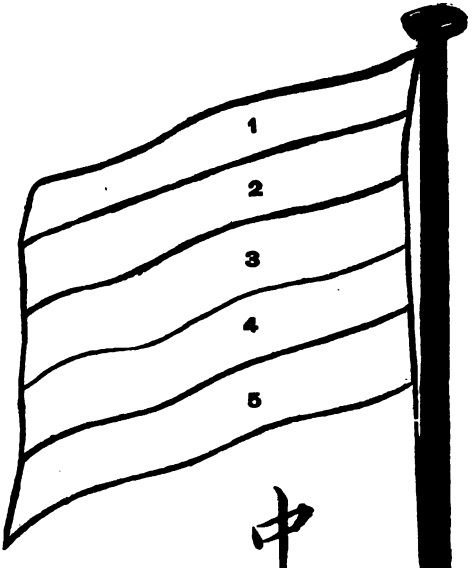

1—RED
2—YELLOW
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中華民國

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普天之下一家

"All under heaven are one family." —Chinese Proverb.

"He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." —Acts XVII: 26.

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CHIN-HSING IN CHINA

CHAPTER I

A CHOICE OF EVILS

THERE was no doubt about it, the T'ien family was unlucky. No one knew just why, but every one knew it was true. If you don't believe it, just listen to what some of the neighbors said:

"So the T'ien grandfather has passed away, too, and no coffin in the house," said Mrs. Chiang to some of her bosom friends as they were met together to celebrate the betrothal of her three-year-old daughter. "What improvident people!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mrs. Tsang, who had but recently moved into the neighborhood and who did not know all of the news. "Why, we have never been without a coffin in our house for at least seven generations. One never knows when the spirit may be called away, and it is always so expensive to buy a coffin when one really needs it."

"If you ask me, I think the whole trouble is that they neglected the kitchen god," replied Mrs. Wang.

A thrill of horror ran through the crowd. "Neglect the kitchen god! How rash! How dare they do it? Why, I thought they were very devout," said Mrs. Chiang. "Don't you remember the year they sold

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all their pigs so Mr. T'ien could make the pilgrimage to the Sacred Mountain? And every new moon Mrs. T'ien burns incense at the temple."

"That's it, exactly. They worshipped the gods in the temple and neglected the ones in their own house. Now it stands to reason that no one family can worship all of the gods, but I always say that 'water at a distance will not quench a fire near at hand,' so if we neglect anybody, it's never the kitchen god. I don't know what the rest of you think, but I firmly believe that money spent on him is never wasted. Now I always make his dessert so sweet and thick that our kitchen god cannot open his mouth for at least three days after he has eaten it. By that time he has forgotten any bad things that we may have done, and so our family is safe for another year. But I saw what Mrs. T'ien had prepared for him last year, and it was as thin as water. I should think that no self-respecting god would even taste it."

"That does sound bad. But whatever the cause, they certainly have had bad luck. First one death and then another; crops failed, the house burned; Mr. T'ien himself is ill, and now the old grandfather is gone and no coffin in the house. What do they plan to do about it?"

"Only one thing they can do; that is, sell Yin-ti for a slave and buy a coffin."

"That is a great pity. She is a bright girl and would make somebody a good daughter-in-law."

"Yes, it is too bad; but what can a girl expect

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who has arrived at the age of twelve without being provided with a mother-in-law? You know the verse

"We keep a dog to watch the house,
A pig is useful, too;
We keep a cat to catch a mouse,
But what can we do with a girl like you?"

"I wonder that she wasn't provided with a mother-in-law long ago."

"Just another instance of their improvidence. Mrs. T'ien refused the offer of Mr. Li for his third son because the family was not good enough for her; and for Mr. Wan's fifth son because the boy was too stupid. As though that mattered, when Mrs. Wan would have been such a good mother-in-law. That was in their prosperous days. Now what woman would be willing to take a daughter-in-law from a family that has had so much bad luck?"

While this talking was going on, Yin-ti herself and her ten-year-old brother, Ch'uen-hsi, had entered the room and had heard the last remarks.

The name Yin-ti means "to lead a little brother," and is a name often given to the first girl born into a Chinese family, in the hope that she may be the means of drawing the spirit of a little boy into the household. It was literally true in her case that she did "lead a little brother," for she and Ch'uen-hsi were inseparable. His name means "Spring Joy," and was given him because he was born in the spring-time.

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It was small wonder that Yin-ti was troubled as she heard this conversation, for it was bad enough to think that no one would want her as a daughter-in-law, without the added fear of being sold as a slave. She knew too well the fate of a Chinese slave girl. At best, she must grow up ignorant and uncared for—the household drudge—and at worst? But it is not well to linger over all the disagreeable things that might come to her at the worst. "Spring Joy," too, looked anything but joyful as he heard these words, but he brightened up a little as one of the women went on to say:

"If it were not so far away, I believe the foreigners at the hospital in Wuchang might be willing to lend them a coffin until they could afford to buy one. They always have some on hand, and I have heard of their doing such things before."

"I would be afraid to go to a foreign hospital," spoke up another. "Foreigners are so queer, and one never knows what they may do. My oldest brother's wife's third sister went there once for a week, and she was never so glad to get away from a place in her life."

"I have heard they like to take children's hearts and eyes and make them into medicine to send to America, but I thought grown people were safe. Were they unkind to her or only rude? Everybody says that foreigners' manners are very small."

"Oh, they were kind enough, and even polite, after a fashion; and she doesn't think there is any truth in those stories about cutting up the children. But

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they do not let you eat what you want, and as for baths, they are taking them all the time. The chances are ten to one that if Ch'uen-hsi asked to borrow a coffin the doctor would not lend it unless he first promised to take a bath."

"Oh, I would risk it," spoke up Ch'uen-hsi. "The winter is coming on now, and surely even foreigners would not ask me to take a bath in such cold weather. Besides, even if they do, I would rather take a bath in cold water than have my sister sold to be a slave. And if they will only lend me a coffin until I can grow up, I will work and pay for it."

"Those are good words and your courage seems to be great; but how will you get to Wuchang? It is many miles away and you are only a little boy."

"But I am not afraid," he replied boldly. "No matter what it is, I am not afraid. As soon as I reach the Han river, I will be all right, for the Tsang family's oldest son goes to Hankow once a week now with a raft of bamboo poles, and I am sure he will let me go on his boat."

It was a daring idea, for truly the way was long, the foreign people might or might not be friendly, and fortune seemed just now to be against whatever any member of the T'ien family tried to do. Even if Ch'uen-hsi dared to risk such a journey, would his parents let him go? This was the question which filled the minds of the children as they hurried home to tell of the plan and find out if it were really true that Yin-ti was about to be sold as a slave.

True enough, alas, for the floods of the previous

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spring had destroyed not only their own rice, but that of their neighbors also, and there were none of their friends who were able to help them in their need. The father was laid by with a slow fever, which made it seem quite possible that the missing coffin might be needed for two funerals instead of one, and the only way to avoid utter disgrace appeared to be to sacrifice Yin-ti for the sake of the family. Bravely Ch'uen-hsi explained his plan. What would they think of it? For a moment there was silence, while Yin-ti held her breath, and Mother T'ien looked up with a new hope in her eyes. Then Grandfather Wang spoke slowly but very positively:

"It *might* be possible if you were not the only son of your father, the only hope of this house. It is a risky thing which you propose to do, and if anything were to happen to you, who would carry on the family line and attend to the worship of your ancestors? If your father were to die there would be no one but you to arrange for the comfort of his spirit and to satisfy his desires, and those of your other ancestors, by gifts and worship at their tablets and their graves. It would be unfilial to take such a risk."

"True," said Grandmother T'ien, "and there would also be the danger of angering the gods yet more against this unlucky family. Even if it should be true that the cruelty of these foreign people is exaggerated—even if they should lend you a coffin and let you go from them in safety, it is well known that they have no respect for the gods in whose power we are—that they dig holes in the earth and build

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towers into the air with no regard for the spirits who are troubled by these things, and that they worship a strange god who teaches them to look always into the future and to forget the past. Surely no good could possibly come from any attempt to care for our dead by the help of such people as this."

Down, down went the heart of poor Yin-ti, but it rose again as her mother exclaimed:

"There is a risk, surely a great risk, but is it not better to take this one chance rather than to let our Yin-ti go to a life of certain suffering and shame?"

"You should have thought for Yin-ti before," said the grandmother; "then perhaps all this trouble would not have come upon us. She would certainly have been better off in the family of Mr. Li or Mr. Wan as a daughter-in-law than sold as a slave to no one knows whom."

"Who can say?" answered Mother T'ien, "Mr. Li fled from his life when he had only been married one month, and they say that his widow leads the life of a slave now in the home of her mother-in-law; while as for the fate of Wei Tao, there was undoubtedly a curse upon her in the Wan family, and it might be that it would have fallen upon our Yin-ti."

She shuddered, and so did the others, for the fate of Wei Tao was indeed a terrible one. Betrothed when she was ten years old, to the fifth son of the family of Wan, she had entered the home of his parents and almost immediately fallen ill of a fever. She recovered, but her strength was gone. She could no longer do the work she was given to do; she was

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possessed with a dreadful sleepiness; and, to the horror of those who watched her, they saw her long black hair gradually fall from her head, leaving her ugly and useless. Worse still, the evil spirit which had descended upon her also laid hold on two other members of the household, and it became evident that if something were not done she would bring disaster upon the whole family. It was then that Wan-tsin, her future husband, absolutely refused to have anything more to do with her, and she was turned out of the house in dishonor. She had gone back to her parents, only to be turned away again, for who would dare harbor one so cursed, and then she had disappeared utterly and was supposed to have died, for her spirit had visited the homes of many neighbors and, wherever it went, the horror of that hairless fever followed.

Surely slavery itself could be no worse than this, and yet, as Yin-ti and her family thought of it, they became more and more puzzled. Girls are not usually held in very high esteem in China, but in this family Yin-ti had been favored more than most—"spoiled," so the neighbors said. Father T'ien had always had a particular fondness for her, and had even taken the trouble, in his prosperous days, to teach her things girls were not supposed to need to know—to read and write some of the Chinese characters and to count with figures. They put off the arrangements for the sale as long as they dared, hoping that some other way of getting a coffin could be found than this plan of Ch'uen-hsi's, but nothing came of it, and

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at last in despair Mother T'ien decided to consult her sick husband and act on the chance of his word.

Poor Father T'ien had lain for days in a sort of half consciousness, and it was quite doubtful if he could be made to understand the question concerning which his answer would mean so much. Very carefully the mother explained the case to him, ending with the question:

"Shall Ch'uen-hsi go out on this dangerous journey, or shall Yin-ti be sold as a slave?"

For a time he lay gazing into space, apparently not understanding the question that had been asked. Then, all at once, the meaning of her words seemed to dawn upon him, and, raising himself on his couch, he cried out excitedly:

"Sold as a slave? My little Yin-ti a slave? Anything but that. Let Ch'uen-hsi go on ten thousand pilgrimages first; the gods will protect him."

Again he sank into a stupor, and Mother T'ien hurried back to the grandparents to tell what he had said. Then began another discussion.

"Father T'ien has spoken wisdom," they said. "Truly let the boy go on a pilgrimage, no matter how far. Let him take offerings to the temple on the Sacred Mountain. Let him leave gifts before the image of the harvest god, and burn much paper money at the graves of his honorable ancestors. So, it might be, good fortune would return to the family and no harm come to Ch'uen-hsi."

"These things might all be good," answered Mother T'ien doubtfully, "but how about the necessary cof-

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fin? Ch'uen-hsi could hardly bring such a thing as that home with him from the Sacred Mountain. Would it do to attend so far as was possible to all the other parts of the pilgrimage, and then let Ch'uen-hsi go to Wuchang? If he were very careful and devout, might not the gods be deceived into thinking he was going to worship in the temple there, and would not the spirits of his ancestors understand that this journey was being taken in order to save the family honor and help him on his way?"

At last it was decided that after two days of ancestor worship and the offering of many gifts in the temple, the boy should go; but where was the money to come from for these things and for the embalming of Grandfather T'ien's body? The family possessions that could still be sold would bring in only a small part of what would be needed if the favor of jealous spirits and angry gods was to be gained by generous offerings. Ch'uen-hsi went out on to the doorstep and thought it all over, and a great idea popped into his head.

Not very far down the street on which the T'ien family lived was a little workshop which belonged to a potter named Wing. Now Wing was not only a potter, he was several other things at the same time. To begin with, he was a hump-back, scorned by half the people among whom he lived because he could not work like other men, and feared by the other half because of the evil spirit which they believed lived in his hump and enabled him to do all sorts of queer things. In the next place he was a

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juggler; he could take things out of the empty jars on the shop shelves, balls and tops if he liked his visitor, and most evil smelling fire-crackers if he wanted to get rid of the one who came to taunt him because of his crooked back. Finally he was a maker of fire-works, and in the little hut behind his shop he spent long hours putting together fearsome combinations of noisy powder and shining lights with which it was his great joy to fascinate and terrify the neighborhood on dark nights. Most of the children were deadly afraid of him, but it happened that he had often bribed Ch'uen-hsi to carry clay and pails of water to his shop by giving him little chunks of damp pottery to play with. Gradually a sort of friendship had grown up between them, for Ch'uen-hsi never laughed at the old man's awkward movements, and had once taken his part against some boys who were pelting him with jeers and mud on the street.

It was to Wing that Ch'uen-hsi went now, and it didn't take long to tell the story of Yin-ti's possible fate, and to make the proposal he had come to make, namely, that he, Ch'uen-hsi, would do errands for Wing for half a year after he came back from his journey if Wing would lend him the money to go away with. To the old hump-back this seemed like a pretty good bargain, provided Ch'uen-hsi came safely home, for it had been hard to find anyone willing to work for so unpopular a neighbor as he was, and the way to the clay pits and the canal seemed to be growing longer every day as he grew

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stiffer in his joints. In the end the bargain was concluded, and Ch'uen-hsi went away with the money in one pocket and in the other some mysterious looking little balls with string sticking out of them. These Wing had given him with the promise that if he should find himself in danger on his journey, and should drop one of them on a stone, it would protect him.

There followed for our valiant Ch'uen-hsi two days of most careful preparation, not at all the sort of preparation an American boy would make for a journey, but just as important in the eyes of his family. First, he must get up each morning in time to be at the great Temple, a mile away, when the sun rose. Here he must burn incense and pay the Buddhist priest to offer prayers to the gods. Then he must hurry back in order to bow many times before the ancestral tablets in his home, and to place before them the offerings of food and wine which his mother had prepared in the belief that, properly presented by Ch'uen-hsi, they would turn into spiritual food and wine to satisfy the spirits dwelling there. Later in the day he must go out of the town to the graves of these same ancestors to worship there. Very carefully he must sweep and clean the graves, spreading flowers upon them. Then he must make little piles of paper money and paper clothes and set fire to them on the graves, so that his ancestors might have these things to spend and to wear in the spirit world. One other thing he must do—he must provide appropriate gifts to take with him and present to those

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CH'UIN-HSI—WITH GIFTS FOR "THE AWE INSPIRING FOREIGNERS"

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doubtful foreign people at the hospital, for who in China would dare make a request without bringing an offering?

All these things being attended to, he was ready to start, and early in the morning on the third day, with the few remaining bits of money in one pocket and Wing's odd little balls in the other, with the thought of the family honor and of the spirits of his ancestors to give him courage, and with his gifts for the foreigners under his arms, he set out upon the thirty li (ten miles) of road that stretched between him and the Han river. Here is his picture.

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CHAPTER II

THE BORROWED COFFIN

We left Ch'uen-hsi trudging along on the road to the Han river. So full was his head of all the possible adventures that lay before him that he gave little thought to the sights along the way. Yet there were many things that would have interested us if we had been there—the water buffaloes ploughing in the fields, the rice paddies, the coolies with their burdens, and occasionally a family with all their worldly possessions gracefully balanced on a wheelbarrow. Once a travelling salesman stopped him and tried to buy his two fat chickens, and once he hurried on faster than ever, for he passed a little company of slave girls on their way to the silk mills in the city and remembered Yin-ti and the fate he was trying to save her from. Several times he grew hungry on his journey, and stopped to get a bowl of steaming rice at one of the wayside inns. It was a hot day and the steam and dust rose up from the road and covered him as he went, so that when he reached the river, late in the afternoon, he was very glad to find that the boat was already loaded with bamboo poles and would soon be ready to start out for Wuchang. We would have thought it a very small boat on which to make a long river journey,

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COMING DOWN THE HAN RIVER

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and we would have wondered, when we saw the tiny cabin, where there would be room enough for a bed, and what we could find to sleep under. Not so Ch'uen-hsi. His puffy, padded clothes served him quite as well for bedding as for clothes; and as the boatman had five children of his own, all sleeping in that tiny room, it needed only one little board pillow more to make room for Ch'uen-hsi among them. He slept soundly, and when he waked next morning the boat had already "opened its head" and they were well on their way.

Now indeed Ch'uen-hsi felt that his adventures had begun. Never in all his life had he imagined that there were so many boats in the world. There were junks and barges and house-boats, big boats and little boats, ugly and old and gay boats, and every one of them had something tied to its mast to show what sort of a load it was carrying up to the great cities on the Yang-tse river. There were foreign boats among them, and Ch'uen-hsi looked closely at these as they sailed by, hoping to get some idea of what these people out of strange lands looked like, and how they would be likely to treat him at the end of his journey. The Tsang boatman reassured him somewhat by saying that he had had dealings with foreign men from time to time in Hankow, and had found them fair and friendly. "They are queer, of course," he said, "their eyes are wrongly placed in their faces, and are the wrong color, their hair is all sorts of colors, and they always cut it short off so as not to show any more of it than they

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can help. They wear ugly clothes of dull colors and heavy materials, and are forever washing themselves to try and get cool. They say the women are even queerer than the men, but I have never had anything to do with them."

All through that long morning Ch'uen-hsi watched and wondered, and his heart went up with courage when he thought of Yin-ti, and down with fear when he thought of all the unknown things that lay before him; and what with the ups and down of it, it was beating pretty fast when at last the boat drew up against the dock in Hankow, and the second part of his journey was over.

But his troubles were far from over, for now he must cross the great Yang-tse river in a small boat, and make his way through the city of Wuchang to the hospital of the foreigners. The river is wide between the two cities, and the wind and the waves were high, but there before him were the walls of Wuchang, and behind them somewhere was that coffin which he must borrow in order to save Yin-ti.

Once landed, the world seemed full of new perils to a small boy who didn't know his way. Up to the city gates and through them he went in the middle of such a stream of people as Ch'uen-hsi had never seen before. At first he thought it must be a procession, but every one seemed to be going a different way, once they got inside the gates, and he concluded that this must be the ordinary thing after all, only that cities were very confusing places.

"Please, old man, born before me, what is the way

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CROSSING THE YANG-TSZE RIVER

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to the Benevolent hospital?" This was his polite way of asking for direction. He asked it many times before he got there, for there were many streets to go through, and all were narrow and winding, and several times he had to dodge suddenly around a corner to get out of the path of a ricksha as the cry went up, "Open the road, a great man is coming."

On one of these occasions he had a curious adventure which set him thinking. A sedan chair was close upon him and he had just time to slip into a dark little doorway where two men were talking. Ch'uen-hsi couldn't see their faces, but he heard one of them say:

"Surely the god of luck is with you, Ch'i-Wei, for here is a boy who would do very well, take him."

Immediately a hand which felt by no means friendly fell upon his shoulder, and a gruff voice answered:

"Luck indeed, and he brings me two fat cocks also."

Ch'uen-hsi was not exactly frightened, for these were not foreigners anyway, but he knew that they meant him no good, and that it behooved him to get out of that doorway as quickly as possible. Consequently he ducked and twisted out of the stranger's grasp, at the same time reaching down into his pocket for one of old Wing's balls. Unfortunately, he dropped one of the chickens, and a jolly scuffle followed as he and the men went hunting, he for the chicken and the men for him. In the end he had to go without his chicken, and would have been

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caught himself but for the horrible noise and fumes which filled that doorway as he suddenly threw Wing's ball upon the ground. Not expecting it, the two men were bewildered for a moment while Ch'uen-hsi quickly slid back into the street and away.

What did they want him for? This puzzled him as he went on his way, and also he was troubled by the loss of his chicken. He must be extra careful of the last one, for it would never do to arrive at the hospital without any offering to present to the foreigners.

Just as he was thinking this and trying to decide what he should say when he got there, a most unexpected thing happened: Around a corner there suddenly ran an enormous black dog followed by a little girl. Ch'uen-hsi jumped quickly to one side and let the dog go by, but in so doing he got right in the way of the girl. There was a grand collision. Over they both went, and Ch'uen-hsi's head landed much harder than was comfortable against the curb. He sat up and saw a number of things in the wrong place. First, a lot of stars dancing in front of his eyes instead of in the sky. Next, his last chicken in the mouth of the dog, and quite limp. And finally, the little girl, whose acquaintance he had met in such an unwelcome way, sitting weeping in the road.

Because of his great fondness for Yin-ti, Ch'uen-hsi was kinder to girls than Chinese boys are apt to be, and he immediately tried to comfort this one.

"Why do you cry, are you hurt?"

"No, not hurt, but my future mother-in-law set me to shell the beans and told me on no account to

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go out. Then came by Ch'ih-tsz', in whom lives the soul of my little brother, and I followed him, and when I go back I shall be beaten."

"That is too bad, but surely Ch'ih-tsz' could not have been your brother, for he has run away again, and has taken my chicken with him."

"Yes, that is just how we know that he carries the soul of my brother, for he was a bad boy and always getting people into trouble. Now he has taken your chicken, and doubtless you will be beaten, too, because you have lost it."

Then Ch'uen-hsi's face grew very grave, and he told her what he had meant to do with the chicken, and why he had come to Wuchang.

"Why," she said, "if that is what you brought it for, you might have saved yourself the trouble. Those people at the Benevolent Hospital are kind, and do not want your gifts. I have been there, and I know. My own mother was there when I was very little. They made her welcome though she had no gifts to present to them, and they cured her from a very dreadful devil-sickness, which the Chinese priest could do nothing about. I will show you the way there, and you need have no fear of them."

Here was certainly a bit of good fortune just when our hero had thought himself most unlucky, and when, after a short walk, his little guide left him before a door over which was inscribed

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and he knew that his journey was at an end; he knocked bravely, even though he knew he must soon encounter those queer blue-eyed men and queerer women without any offering to present.

A white-capped nurse opened the door, and to her he promptly poured out the words he had decided to say:

"I have come, oh honorable sitter in a chariot, to beseech a loan of one of your honorable coffins. My grandfather has died. My father is ill. We have no money to buy a coffin, and the neighbors all say that if you do not have pity upon us, my sister must be sold as a slave. If you will only grant my request, I will do anything you wish, and as soon as my father can earn enough money, he will buy another coffin and return this to you, or will pay you for this one."

It was a strange request, even in this land of strange things. It must not be too lightly granted, but when, after question upon question, and answer upon answer, the nurse understood all that was involved, she felt that she could not have refused, even if it had been the last coffin in the house.

It was some days before arrangements could be made for Ch'uen-hsi's return journey with the coveted coffin, but having struck up a friendship with Wu Sz-fu, one of the hospital servants, he made good use of his time. Wu Sz-fu had been in the employ of the hospital for some time, and was sure he knew all there was to be known about foreigners in general and missions in particular. The information he gave

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Ch'uen-hsi was always interesting, if not strictly accurate, and he took him to many places which made the eyes of the country boy bulge with wonder. Best of all, he made Ch'uen-hsi feel very eager to come back to Wuchang some day to study in the wonderful boy's school where these foreign people were busy teaching new and useful things.

The journey home was quite uneventful, and seemed very short as compared with the one down the Han River. The successful traveler was fairly bursting with pride and information as the neighbors came flocking to hear about his adventures. The coffin spoke for itself. It was proof positive that the foreigners must have some good traits and recognize the necessity of doing good deeds now and then. They listened with eagerness as Ch'uen-hsi told them all he had seen and heard. The hospital came in for his first attention.

"It is just a native house," he said, "and when I looked at the outside I thought it must be a mistake that foreigners lived there. When I went in I found there was a difference. It was much cleaner, and there was a smell of medicine-water all through it. I didn't like it at first, but Wu Sz-fu said it was very healthy. Every day several tens of women and children come there and the doctor examines them no matter what is wrong, for she understands both inside and outside diseases. There is one room filled full of little crippled children who are being cured. I played with them one afternoon, and one boy told me all about himself. He had fallen and broken his

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hip, and the things the Chinese doctors had done to it had not helped it at all. His family were very poor, so they sent him out into the streets to beg. It was winter time, and he was cold and hungry all day long and very unhappy. One day one of the spread-the-doctrine women came by the place where he lay begging, and was so sorry for him that she went and asked his father to allow her to have him taken to the hospital. He doesn't know yet whether he will ever be able to walk again, but he says he is so happy there that he doesn't much care.

"The foreigners have schools as well as hospitals. Wu Sz-fu took me over to see them one day on the other side of the city, over Serpent Hill. They have a big school for boys, and one for girls, too, where they are taught everything. If Yin-ti and I could only go to those schools, I should be perfectly happy. Of course I did not see the girls' school, but the one for boys was very good to see. They not only have fine houses where the boys live, and rooms for them to study in, but there are big spaces in which they can play and drill. Then, right in the middle of everything, they have a worship hall. It is not as large as some of the other buildings, but it is far more beautiful inside. The day I was there was the day they set apart for remembering their ancestors."

"Remembering their ancestors," said Mrs. Chiang in astonishment, "why, I thought foreigners had no ancestors. I thought that when one of us ate the foreign religion, we had to sell our ancestors."

"That must be a mistake," answered Ch'uen-hsi,

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"because some of the largest buildings there had been built in memory of somebody's ancestors, I don't know whose; but they must remember them. This worship hall was decorated with banners and the most beautiful flowers I ever saw, and it was crowded full of people. They read things out of a book about some men and women of most ancient days, and Wu Sz-fu told me they are taught to remember all the holy men and women who have lived and died, no matter whose ancestors they are. They sang songs about them, too. I could not understand it all, but it sounded very beautiful. After their worship was over, they had a parade to the cemetery, with bugles and a brass band. People followed them all along the road and asked questions, and by and by they came to the cemetery. I couldn't see any coffins, but they told me they had all been put down into the ground. They didn't burn any paper money for the spirits as we do, nor put food on their graves; but they worshipped their God and sang some more songs which were very good to hear. Finally they marched home again, and we went back to the hospital."

"Well, well! Perhaps this foreign religion is not as bad as I thought, if they do not really throw away their ancestors. But you said they had a school for girls as well as for boys. They don't think they can teach girls anything in a school, do they? Surely they are not so foolish as that?"

"Oh, yes; Wu Sz-fu says they have found out that the girls can learn as well as the boys. He has a

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sister in the school and she can read books and play the organ. That school is named for a famous woman who lived hundreds of years ago, St. Hilda, who was full of learning. All the women who come out from America to teach there must be very clever indeed."

"Why, that is as it used to be in China in ancient times," spoke up Wang Grandfather, a scholar of some repute in the village. "There was Ts'ao Ta-ku, who lived in the days of the Han dynasty, and who was so famous that even the Emperor commended her learning. She it was who wrote the valuable Nu Kiai—Rules for Women—and there were others in those early times nearly as wise. Is it possible that we have come to another dynasty of enlightened women? Still I do not understand why these foreign people do all this work in China. Why do they want us to eat their religion?"

"I couldn't quite understand that, and Wu Sz-fu couldn't either, but he is sure they do it with a good intention, and it seems to be their custom to try to spread their doctrine everywhere. It is strange, but he says they insist that theirs is not a foreign religion at all, but one that belongs to the whole world, quite as much to China as to America. Anyway, I want to learn all about it, and then perhaps I shall be able to explain it better."

"Not a foreign religion, but one that belongs to the whole world," repeated Wang Grandfather, thoughtfully stroking his beard. "After all, that

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GRANDFATHER WANG, A SCHOLAR OF SOME REPUTE

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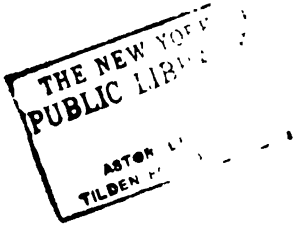

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sounds very reasonable, for is there not our own proverb which says

普天之下一家

All under heaven are one family.

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CHAPTER III

A GREAT INHERITANCE

"As we use a glass to examine the forms of things, so we must study the past in order to understand the present."

THERE are two ways of measuring distance, one by miles and the other by time. The first never changes, but the second is changing all the time. For instance, it is just as many miles from America to China to-day as it was when America was first discovered, but every time a new and faster way of traveling is discovered, the distance between the two countries grows shorter and shorter in time. In 1843, when President Tyler appointed the Hon. Caleb Cushing as Minister Extraordinary to China, it took nearly six months for him to go from Washington to Pekin; now, going by way of Siberia, one may make the trip in twenty-four days. Not only this, but the United States ended at its western edge with Montana in those days, more than five thousand miles away from China. Now, the Philippine Islands are only seven hundred miles from Canton, so it is possible to travel from American possessions to Chinese soil in two days. It seems as though every year these two nations were growing nearer and nearer together.

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Every time we hear the prayer-book prayer for missions, we are reminded of what St. Paul said long ago to the people of Athens—God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth. If we think, as St. Paul did, of all the countries in the world as making up one great family of God's children, then the country we call China must rank as the oldest member of the family and the United States as the youngest. For many, many years China had nothing to do with the rest of the world, so most of the nations forgot that they had a relation of that name. Some of the younger members of the family of nations had, in fact, never even heard of this one, and China herself had no idea how many younger brothers and sisters she had. So it happened that when, in the middle of the nineteenth century, China appeared again before the nations, most of them said: "We don't believe she is any relation of ours. Look at her queer clothes, her outlandish manners, and listen to her funny talk. None of our family ever looked like that." It was very much like the story books about what happens when the long-lost brother comes home and nobody knows him. He is so different from all the rest that they are sure he cannot belong among them; and then suddenly he says something about what happened long ago, that shows he really is a son of their own father, and they begin rather shyly to make him welcome and to tell him about all that has happened while he has been away.

This was almost exactly what happened to China,

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and it is a satisfaction to us to feel that when she came back, we, although we were the youngest member of the family, were among the first to recognize her as our sister and to try to make her feel that it is really so. And just here comes in the difference between the long-lost boy of the story and China. When China came back into the family she didn't know that she belonged to it. She had been so long away from her Father, and ours, that she had almost forgotten Him, and the biggest piece of work for us to do was to tell her all about the Father, and share with her the good gifts which had been entrusted to us as loyal children.

Those foreigners whom Ch'uen-hsi saw in Wuchang had gone out to China to live side by side with their Chinese brothers in order to do just this very thing. The Chinese didn't know how to take care of themselves when they were sick or hurt, so we built hospitals and sent doctors and nurses out to help them and teach them what to do. They knew practically nothing about things which the rest of the world had found it very useful to know, such as physical geography and history and languages and science, so we started schools where they could go and be taught until they knew enough to start their own. Finally, they knew terribly little about God, so we opened churches wherever there was a chance, and in these and in the schools and hospitals, too, tried all the time to help them to know and to worship Him.

The sight Ch'uen-hsi had of these things when he took that memorable journey to Wuchang after the coffin, was just enough to make him bound to go back

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there as soon as ever he could. True to his promise, he spent all his spare time for six months after his grandfather's funeral running errands for the old humpback Wing. Not only this, but he succeeded in breaking up the fear that the other boys had of the old man, for you see Ch'uen-hsi became a sort of hero after his long journey, and whoever he chose to consider his friend became popular among the others. So it happened that when the time came for the lucky boy to leave home and go up to the foreign school, there were plenty of boys left behind who were ready to run errands for "funny old Wing of the firework shop."

It seemed as though the fortune of the T'ien family had turned with the success of that first visit. The long-desired rain came for the freshening of the crops, Father T'ien gradually recovered from his sickness, and the neighbors were no longer afraid to befriend them. Yin-ti, free from the fear of being sold into slavery, grew strong and useful, and pleaded hard to be allowed to go to that wonderful school for Chinese girls called St. Hilda's. It is more than likely she would have pleaded in vain if just then a most remarkable thing had not happened.

You remember the dreadful fate of Wei Tao, the poor little girl who fell ill in the home of her betrothed, Wan-tsin? The neighbors all thought her dead after she had been turned away from her parents' door with the curse of that hairless sickness upon her. One day, just as Yin-ti had about given up hope of being sent to the foreign school, there came a rumor to the town that Wei Tao had not died; that she had

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wandered far into the country and had somehow come into the hands of one of the "Spread-the-Doctrine" women who had taken her away to a hospital, and afterwards put her into St. Hilda's school.

Great was the excitement in the Wan family, for Wan-tsin had sickened and died of the fever, and all these years they believed that Wei Tao had taken her revenge by sending her spirit to trouble them. Her own father, Wei, started at once for Wuchang to find out whether the rumor were true, and if Wei Tao had become as fat and learned as they said. Three days later he came back full of wonder over what he had seen, and convinced that his little daughter, who had once been considered such a disgrace to the family, was in a fair way to bring great honor upon them by her learning.

His account of the school gave just the spur that was needed to persuade Yin-ti's father to send her to St. Hilda's, and a happier girl than this one when the time finally came for her to go, you could not have found in all China. To be sure, many of the neighbors still felt that no good could possibly come from having anything to do with "heathen foreigners," and they came to father and mother T'ien with all sorts of dreadful stories about how the gods of China had taken their revenge upon people who had done such disloyal things in the past. They told, too, how the foreigners would make the children discontented with their home and their country, and how just as surely as they learned the "barbarous language," they would insist upon leaving their country and going away no-

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body knew where, like Hwan-juh's son some years before.

Fortunately for the brother and sister, however, the T'ien parents, even the grandparents, had come to believe that for them good fortune instead of bad seemed to follow their intercourse with the foreigners, so they paid very little heed to their doubting neighbors, and simply took the precaution they had taken when Ch'uen-hsi started out—that is, extra offerings presented in the temples and before their ancestral tablets and graves. At the last moment, too, old Wing presented each child with a charm to wear, which he assured them would prevent any foreign spirit entering into them, and would keep their eyes continually turned towards home.

So, all things being ready, they set out one fine day for Wuchang; a very different journey from Ch'uen-hsi's last one that way, and Father T'ien himself took them to the schools and handed them over into the care of the foreign teachers.

Now if old Wing had known the sort of things Ch'uen-hsi would be expected to learn in the new school, he need not have bothered at all about a charm to keep him true to China. One of the first things he discovered was that he must study a great deal about his own country, its history, its geography, its literature and its great men. Far from being taught to forget it, he found that these foreign people seemed to be thinking about it all the time, that they had a sort of love for it almost as though it were their own, and that they believed it was bound some day to be one

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of the greatest of all the great nations in the world. As Ch'uen-hsi studied more about these other great nations, he began to have his doubts about the greatness of his own. He discovered that every time China had come into conflict with one of them, she had been worsted, that even little Japan had beaten her in a war not so very long before, and that these others were way ahead of her in railroads and mines and such things. When he said so one day to one of his teachers, he was told that this was just because China never had learned the things that had made the other nations strong and successful, and that it was the whole purpose of the school to help the boys find out the things their country needed. This teacher, who was a great friend of all the boys, told Ch'uen-hsi how eager he himself was to see China make the best use of all her wonderful resources, her iron and coal, her rich soil, her splendid harbors, and her great inspiring history. He said that when he first came there he wanted to go out into the streets and shout out all the things that would make the Chinese into a really great nation, but he had discovered that they wouldn't believe him if he did, and that it must be Chinese boys and girls who would some day make away with all the mistaken ideas which were keeping their country back, and would lead her out into her greatness.

"It is you, Ch'uen-hsi, and your sister Yin-ti, and other boys and girls like you, who have the power to make your country what the great GOD of all the nations wants her to be," he said, "and in order to be

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ready for such a magnificent piece of work, you must fit your brain by study, and your body by good play and exercise, so that when your chance comes you will be ready for it."

"Yin-ti," questioned the boy, "what can she do for her country? She is a girl, and will never be able to work hard or to fight."

"Will she not?" answered the teacher. "Ah, Ch'uen-hsi, some day you will find out that hard work is not all done with the hands; that some of the very best fighting in all the world is done with the head and the heart. I will give you a motto which is as true as the blue of the sky. It will do for you and for Yin-ti, and for China, but I have an idea that it will be easier for Yin-ti to attain to it than for you: 'A wise man will make himself lowly in order to conquer.' So said Lao-Tse, one of your own sages, hundreds of years ago."

Here was new learning for our hero, and sometimes it all seemed rather contradictory to him. He must know all about China and be very proud of all that was good in her history, and yet he must realize the mistakes she had made and spend his life trying to help set them right. It was not going to be an easy matter, but he had made up his mind to do his very best, so he plunged with a will into the great volumes of China's story. American boys think it is a fair task to learn about what has been going on in America since 1492. How do you think they would like it if their country had a history going back two thousand years and more before Christ, with about five hundred

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emperors' names to learn? Ch'uen-hsi didn't have to learn all these; only the most important of them, but, cutting out the unimportant things, there was more left than most boys would care for.

To begin with, there was Sen Lung, who lived nearly four thousand years ago, and was a great farmer. He taught the people how to take care of their fields and raise crops, and, after his death, they honored him so that they worshipped him as a god. Farmers in China are still called after him—"Lung-fu." After him nobody of special importance lived there, until in 551 B. C. the greatest of all China's great men was born, K'ung Fu-tsz, whom the world calls Confucius. This is the man upon whose sayings most of the best laws and customs of China have been modelled ever since. He was very wise and very just, and sometimes people have thought that if he could only have been born five hundred years later he might have been one of our Lord's truest disciples, and saved from making some of the great mistakes he did.

His father was a famous general, and although he had nine daughters, he had reached the age of seventy years without having a son. Then he married, as his second wife, a very young girl, and it is said that she had a dream in which she was told that she would have a son, who would be born in a hollow mulberry tree and become very famous. When she told this dream to her husband he told her that there was a cave near by called "The hollow mulberry tree," and sure enough, in course of time, her son was born there. They say that a stream conveniently bubbled up for

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his first bath, and then immediately dried up again. It was most fortunate that this boy was gifted with brains, for he certainly had no beauty to boast of. Here is his description: "Mouth like the sea, lips like an ox or dragon's back." As if this were not bad enough, he had such a large bump on his head that he was named "Mound," according to the Chinese custom of giving a personal name from some prominent feature. The name K'ung Fu-tsz, which was given to him later, means K'ung the Master, K'ung being his family name.

When he grew up he was extra tall, very dark, and still very far from being handsome. He never seems to have cared much about anything except music and study, and, very early in life, he became famous as a great teacher. When he was nineteen he married, but he could not have been a very comfortable person to live with, for report has it that he was terribly particular about all sorts of ceremonies and never allowed anyone to be familiar with him. He described himself as follows: "At fifteen I set my mind upon wisdom; at thirty I stood firm; at forty I was free from doubt; at fifty I understood the laws of heaven; at sixty my ear was docile; at seventy I could follow the desires of my heart without transgressing the right." When asked once what his chief desires were he replied: "To comfort the aged, be faithful to friends, and cherish the young." Somebody asked one of Confucius' sons whether he had ever been given any special lessons by his father. "No," he replied. "But as he was standing alone one day I hastened across the room, and

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he said: 'Have you studied the Book of Poetry?' 'No,' I answered. 'If you do not study the Book of Poetry you will have nothing to talk about.' On going out I set myself to study the Book of Poetry. Another day he was again standing alone, and as I hastened across the hall he asked: 'Have you studied the rules of ceremony?' 'No,' I answered. 'If you do not study the rules of ceremony you will have no standing.' On going out I set myself to study the rules of ceremony. These two lessons I have received." As there are some three hundred rules of ceremony, that would seem to be enough of a task even for the son of Confucius.

Confucius himself did not write very much; his famous Analects or precepts having been mostly put together by his disciples after he died, from the memory of what he had said. These Analects are made up of twenty short chapters, which are written in a style that is about as different from modern Chinese as Latin is from English. No well-trained Chinese boy would consider his education complete unless he could recite them all by heart, though very few of them really understand what they mean.

Now all this does not sound as though Confucius had been very much use to China, but he really did get hold of some ideas which helped the people to make good laws and to act towards one another in a way which, at the very least, was better than any other nation for hundreds of years. His sayings were cut and dried and strict, and he never pretended to teach his people anything about religion, but none the

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less they were the best ideas China had to go by, and she valued them so highly that, after Confucius died, the Chinese decided that he was a god, and from that day to this they have worshipped him. In the Chinese schools, before the boys go to their work, they bow low before a picture of Confucius and repeat a prayer, and all this, although they know quite well what the great sage said of himself: "I know how birds can fly, fishes can swim, and beasts can run, yet I do not understand this life, so how can I know about a future life?"

Of course, in the mission school Confucius was not worshipped. Ch'uen-hsi was taught all about him, and helped to see the value of what he had given to China, but although his picture hung in the school-room just as in the Chinese schools, the boys looked upon it as that of a wise man who must be honored and no more.

Next to Confucius, in the history of China's great men, comes Shi Huang-ti, "the Napoleon of China," who united all the petty kingdoms of the country under one empire. He was a member of the Ch'in family from which came the name of China. This, by the way, is not a name which is ever heard in the country itself. There they call it the Middle Kingdom, or the Flowery Kingdom, and now, officially, the Middle Flowery Kingdom. The Emperor, Shi Huang-ti, came to the throne when he was only thirteen years of age. He was most capable, but dreadfully proud and ambitious. The great wall had already been begun, but he repaired and finished it until it stretched

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fifteen hundred miles around the northern boundary of the empire. He wanted his subjects to forget all the emperors who had gone before, and he tried to have all the books of the country burned. The scholars went quickly to work and buried their books in the ground to save them, but unfortunately Shi Huang-ti got word of it and buried the scholars alive with their books, four hundred and sixty of them. The books of Confucius were destroyed, but after the Ch'in family came to an end, these were written over again from memory.

After the Ch'in family came the Han, which is why we sometimes hear the Chinese called the Sons of Han. Then came the T'ang, which is why people often speak of China as the Hills of T'ang; and so on, family after family on the throne, until the Manchu dynasty came into power in 1644. They came from Manchuria, outside China, and were still in power when Ch'uen-hsi went to school, and would probably be in power now but for him and a lot of other boys like him, but that is getting ahead, and we must go back to Wuchang and take a look at Yin-ti.

Like Ch'uen-hsi, she quickly found that the teachers at St. Hilda's were determined that the girls who came to the school should be fitted in every way to be of use to their country. Way back in the time of the T'ang dynasty, when China was in the height of her prosperity, somebody did a stupid thing and started binding the women's feet. Some say it was because one of the princesses had club feet, and the other

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ladies of the court wanted to honor her by imitating her shoes; others say that a princess, in order to make herself more attractive in the eyes of her husband, began tying up her feet and wearing beautiful little shoes all covered with tiny bells which tinkled when she walked. Whatever was the cause of it, one thing is sure; it has been a terrible thing for the women and girls of China ever since. One of the first things the foreign teachers tried to do was to get the girls who came to their schools to unbind their feet, but although they did finally succeed in getting the Empress Dowager to pass an edict abolishing foot binding, the custom was so strong that ever so many of the girls who went to school with Yin-ti had had their feet bound, as indeed, her own had been from the time she was five years old. At first she didn't much want to have them unbound, having always been taught that they were a sign of good breeding, but when she found how active and useful Wei Tao and some of the other girls were who had been in the school for some years, she decided to sacrifice the beauty of her "Lily feet" to the new life she was to live, and suffer the pain of unbinding. Again, another thing she had to learn was to stand up straight and hold her shoulders back. For years and years it has been considered beautiful by the women of China to stoop a little forward and hold their shoulders close together in front, and it has meant a great deal of trouble for their poor contracted lungs. Stupid? Yes, but over here in the United States where, by all that is sensible, we ought to know better, we have sometimes done things in the

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name of fashion which were every whit as stupid and almost as bad for us. Yin-ti had her reward when she left these old customs behind her, for before very long she was going through the bean-bag drills and playing basket-ball with an energy and delight she had never dreamed of, and was growing stronger every day.

Hardly less did she enjoy the new use of her brain. A bright girl to begin with, and rather better educated, thanks to her father, than most of the girls of her class, she quickly picked up the idea of study and learned wonderful things, not only about her own land, but about others as well. Like Ch'uen-hsi, just at first she was inclined to feel that her own country was not so great as she had been taught to believe, but her teachers laid much stress upon what a wonderful nation China might become if once her sons and daughters were ready to devote their lives to making her so, and her heart beat high with ambition and patriotic resolutions.

"Do you believe it is true, Wei Tao," she asked, "that American women are as much use to their country as the men?"

"They say it is so," she answered, "they do not fight, of course, nor make the laws, but they all may go to the schools, and many of them become great teachers and artists and writers, and in their own homes they are every bit as much honored as their husbands and sons."

"Oh, how I would like to go there to live," said Yin-ti.

"If you did," answered Wei Tao, "you would lose

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ST. HILDA'S GIRLS ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

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the great opportunity which our teachers have given us to help our Chinese sisters understand what Christian women may be worth."

"Christian women, but I am not a Christian," said Yin-ti. "Must one become a Christian in order to be of use to China?"

A strange look came over the face of Wei Tao, as she answered: "Must one? Wait a little while, Yin-ti, until you have learned what the teachings of the great Christ have meant to women all over the world. I cannot tell you why it is necessary for you to be a Christian in order to be of use to China, but I can tell you that when you know more about Him, you will not be able to be anything else."

Yin-ti did not answer, but she wondered, as she often had before, what it was that made the faces of her schoolmates and the foreign teachers light up as they did whenever they spoke of the Christian God. She went to the worship hall which Ch'uen-hsi had spoken of, and thrilled all down her back when the "Praise Songs" filled it. Down the middle of the building stretched a long, high screen, so that she could not see Ch'uen-hsi, who sat among the boys on the other side of it; but she imagined she heard his voice singing, and sometimes she was allowed to see him out of school hours and talk over all the wonderful new things they were learning. As the months went by they needed Wing's charms less and less, and one day, as the school year drew towards its end, Ch'uen-hsi met his sister with a radiant face.

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"Yin-ti," he said, "I believe I shall find the answer to Confucius' riddle."

"Which riddle?"

"Confucius once said: 'To find the central clue to a man's life, which unites him to the life of the world, that is, indeed, the highest human attainment, but man is seldom capable of it.' I believe I have found the way to that clue."

"How have you done it?" she asked eagerly, "and what is the way?"

"You know the great Boone University," answered Ch'uen-hsi, "where I hope to be able to go after I leave the school? It has a motto, and as soon as I heard what it was I was sure that if I could fit myself to follow it I should discover the clue. Those who take that motto for their own must give their lives—'For GOD, For the Church, and For the Country'—and this is what I mean to try to do."

"'*Pro Deo et Ecclesia et Patria,*'
Boone University,
Wuchang, China."

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CHAPTER IV

THE NEW IDEAL

ONE September afternoon, eight years after Ch'uen-hsi's first journey to Wuchang, he set out over the same road again with a heart beating high with new hope. He was not alone, although Yin-ti was left at home this time in charge of a little native school of her own. Sun Wu, whom she had promised to marry some day, and who had been a good friend to Ch'uen-hsi at the University, was with him, and, as they walked down to the Han River, they talked in undertones of the great adventures that lay before them—adventures greater by far than any Ch'uen-hsi had dared to imagine when first he trudged that way with his chickens under his arm. Sun Wu, who was a number of years older than Ch'uen-hsi, had travelled down from a northern province, where his home was, and was full of news.

"It is as certain as the rising of the sun," he protested, "everywhere I have come across men who are ready to rise up as soon as the order is spoken. China has had enough of the Manchus, and these men know that the only way we can ever make a place for ourselves in the world is to get rid of them once and for all."

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"Tell me," said Ch'uen-hsi, "how did you ever come to think these things?"

"That is rather a long story," answered Sun Wu, "but I will tell it as shortly as I can. My home, as you know, is in the province of Chih-li, not far from Pekin. Our next door neighbor, when I was quite a small boy, was a man named K'ang Yu-wei, who was very much in the confidence of the Emperor, Kwang Hsu. K'ang had become convinced, because of the poor showing China had made in her war with Japan, that unless the whole scheme of education and government were changed, the country would soon be overcome and divided up among the more powerful nations of the world. He, and a few others who agreed with him, succeeded in persuading the Emperor to send a number of young men out to be educated in America and Germany, and to do away with the old system of examinations. We were very much excited over all he told us of the new plans, especially my father, who had fought in the war and been tremendously impressed with the patriotism of the Japanese.

"Then one day there was dreadful trouble and fear in our street, for word came to us that K'ang Yu-wei, who had gone to Pekin to confer with the Emperor, had been seized and beheaded by the ministers of the Empress Dowager, and Kwang Hsu himself had been turned out of power and made a prisoner in his own palace. A terrible time followed for all who were supposed to have had anything to do with the reformers, and we trembled in our shoes for my father, who was known to have been a friend of K'ang Yu-wei. I

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don't think he would ever have come through that time with his head on his shoulders, if it had not happened that my uncle, who was staying with us just then, belonged to an anti-reform society called the Boxers. This society was popular with the Empress Dowager, and you know how, but a short time after that, she made use of their zeal in an attempt to get rid of all the foreigners in China. That was a year in my life which I would be glad to forget if I could."

Sun Wu stopped for a moment, but Ch'uen-hsi asked:

"Is it true, as they say, that your father joined the Boxers before he died?"

"It is true, and it is not true! My father was so discouraged by the failure of K'ang Yu-wei and the reform party, that my uncle succeeded in partly persuading him the only safety for the country lay in stopping off all contact with the rest of the world and going back to the old customs. He never did entirely believe this, but he knew that something must be done, and the reformers seemed, as far as he could see, to be helpless; so in that terrible year 1900, when the Boxers were let loose upon all foreigners and foreign Chinese (that is, Christians), my father went with a party of them to a neighboring town one day, and I followed him. It was a town where there was a mission compound; a school, little chapel and teacher's house, like so many which we have seen since then, but which I had never seen before. We went at night, and the flaming of the men's torches, their cries and horns excited me so that I howled aloud as I followed

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them. When they came to the compound they made a circle about it and set fire to the buildings. I couldn't see much of what happened, and was intent on watching my father, who lingered rather on the outskirts of the crowd. Then, all of a sudden, by the light of the burning buildings, I saw a sight I never can forget. Out from among those shouting men came a white woman, the first I ever saw, with a baby in her arms. She was hurt, and her long yellow hair fell all dishevelled about her shoulders, but there was a strange look almost of joy upon her face, and I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. My father was close to her as she came out between the other men, and he must have felt about her as I did, for suddenly, as she tottered to her knees, she reached up and put her baby into his arms. What happened after that I never exactly knew, for the men closed in about her, and one of them snatched the baby away from my father. For one moment he stood watching them and then he turned and ran from that place, and I after him, my teeth chattering with fear of I knew not what. I had not far to follow, for I came upon him quickly where he had fallen in the dark, his own sword plunged deep into his side. 'Is that you, Sun Wu?' he gasped, 'I could not do it! When China kills such as those, she kills herself, even as I have!' and with that he died.

"I could not easily forget words like those, after seeing what I had seen, and all through the years that followed, while it was being proved beyond question that China could not shut out the rest of the world,

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and that my father's words were true, I was possessed with the determination to get to Japan and find out some better way than either that of the Boxers or the unfortunate K'ang Yu-wei. So, by and by, I did get there, and found ever so many young men like myself, eager to be of use to our country if only we could find the way. There, too, I heard one night that wonderful Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who convinced us that until the Manchu rule is ended, little can be done in the way of lasting reform. The rest you know—how I met Liu Fu in Japan and heard about Boone University, how I went there for four years, and have done the best I could to fit myself for the service of my country, and how we are planning now in the city of Wuchang, as well as in many other places, for the revolution that will put an end to the old order and let the people rule themselves. One thing you do not know is how eagerly I have longed all these last years to be able to tell my father about the new life that is coming to China."

Sun Wu ended, and for a time they walked on in silence. Then Ch'uen-hsi asked how soon the revolution would be started.

"Ah, that is a thing which no one knows except the chief leaders. There is much to do first. Sun Yat Sen is travelling in other lands, talking with the Chinese students and gaining their interest for our cause. Secret companies are busy all over the country preparing ammunition, so that when the time comes the Manchu troops will find a strong force against them. It is in this work that your old friend Wing, the

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humpback, is engaged in Hankow, and they tell me he has been most useful."

"Poor old Wing," sighed Ch'uen-hsi, "I have tried so hard to convince him of the uselessness of his charms and magic devices, and to explain to him the simple ways of Christian teaching. He will have none of it, and one day I found that he had made a sort of incense, which he burned whenever I had been to see him, to clear his room of the 'foreign doctrine' I taught. I have heard that even now, while he works constantly in preparation for the coming revolution, he insists upon mixing strange things with his powder, bits of snake skin and the dried brains of rats, to make it more deadly; also he spends hours in the temple worshipping the god of war. Will he ever learn any better, do you think?"

"I am afraid he is too fixed in his ways ever to change them, but surely God must understand and reward his devotion to what he believes to be right."

So talking they came finally to the Han River, and took the boat which would land them—one at the University, where his education was drawing to its end; the other in Hankow, where the long planned-for revolution was to claim his service sooner than he knew.

Two weeks later there was great excitement among the students on the Mission compound at Wuchang. Mr. Chu, a graduate of Boone University, who was acting as interpreter for the American Consul-General at Hankow, came across the river in haste with start-

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ling news. The revolutionary headquarters in the Russian Concession of the city had been discovered.

"No one knew the secret place," he said, "until yesterday, when the accidental explosion of some powder which the revolutionists used to make bombs, gave it away. Mr. Sun Wu, being over hasty, and not careful enough, exploded his face. Instantly he went downstairs, his injured face covered under his long garment, and made his way to the Japanese hospital nearby. By that time the accident was reported through the Russian quarters, and the Consul went to the place, the Chinese Deputy going with him in the hope of arresting some revolutionists. They found only one old humpbacked man busily compounding charms out of the exploded powder. Afterwards they discovered that he had come back there, after his companions had run away, in order to rescue the book in which the names of the revolutionists were registered. This they took from him, and, by its help, they traced two others who had been with him, and brought them all before the Viceroy. Having examined them, the Viceroy ordered them instantly killed, and took charge of the registry book.

"That same evening there was a meeting in another secret place, when Mr. Sun Wu, who was hurt in the face, said to his friends: 'Brothers, as the secret has been discovered and the name registry taken away, the Viceroy will kill all of us whose names are there. So you must rise now or suffer death. Go to Wu-chang and ask our brothers to begin the revolution this evening, with fire as the signal.' Accordingly

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they went to Wuchang. No doubt you have heard the firing and seen the signal fires; you do not know that the soldiers have been to General Li Yuan-hung and compelled him to take command over the revolutionary troops, that the Viceroy and General Chang Piao, of the Manchu army, have escaped out of the city in disguise, and that to-morrow General Li will send an escort with the American Consul General to bring out the Americans and the students of Boone and St. Hilda's before the war is well started in Wuchang."

After that there followed days of great anxiety and excitement at Boone University. The women in the compound and the younger boys of the school were all packed off down the river and away to their homes. Among the older boys, some went home, many joined the revolutionists, and a few stayed to do what they could in the compound, which was turned into a great hospital for the soldiers, under the control of the Red Cross Society. Ch'uen-hsi was among these last, and succeeded in making himself extremely useful to the mission doctors and to the teachers who had stayed in Wuchang as nurses. But for them, indeed, he would have gone into the thick of the fighting, where he longed to be, but they persuaded him to stay and act as messenger in the hospital, and between the Red Cross headquarters and the city. At the time, he could hardly keep from running away to the army whenever he heard firing going on, but afterwards he thanked the good fortune that kept him where he was, for during those weeks that followed in Wuchang

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COFFINS OUTSIDE THE WUCHANG WALL

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he learned lessons that stood him in good stead all his life.

First of all, he was thrilled by the splendid bravery of many of the soldiers in the hospital. Day after day he stood beside men who were giving their lives for the new China that was to be, and who died perfectly confident in the success of their cause. Day by day he watched the comfort and courage that followed wherever those wonderful doctors and nurses went. Hour by hour he learned there, in the presence of life and death questions, the triumphant power of the Christian faith over both men's lives and their death-beds; for the contrast could easily be seen. There were many among the dying soldiers who knew no more about the life to which they were going than Confucius did. Some of them were willing to die for China, if they must, but they would have given anything to have been able to get hold of one of poor old Wing's charms to help them through. Others were there who begged piteously that their bodies might be sent home, so that their relatives could burn the necessary money and clothes upon their graves, and worship their spirits in the ancestral tablets. In the unsettled state of the neighborhood this could not be promised them, and their terror of what they knew nothing of was pitiful to see. Still others there were who cared neither for China nor for the Manchus, regular soldiers in the imperial army, who spent their time railing sometimes at the revolutionists, sometimes at the Manchu leaders, and who died in hideous

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dread of being born again in the form of some unlucky animal.

As Ch'uen-hsi went about among these people, he found his patriotism growing stronger every day, and with it, all around it, a strange new love of all the world and all the people in it. He watched the constant work and courage of the foreign nurses and doctors, he went to their services of prayer for China, and praise for what GOD was allowing them to do for her, and gradually there crept into his heart such a love and gratitude to the One Who had made these people what they were, that he discovered the real meaning of the Boone University motto, and determined to give his life, first "For God and His Church," and then "For Country."

Meanwhile, the fortunes of the war turned first this way and then that for the revolutionary soldiers around Wuchang. From the top of the library one night Ch'uen-hsi watched the city of Hankow swept by flames which rioters had started after the imperial army took possession. For a night and a day, as he went about his work, he kept his ears open for the bombs with which everyone expected Wuchang to be bombarded from the neighboring hill. Just at the start the revolutionists' attack had been so sudden that they swept everything before them, but, after a time, the imperial troops gained control over most of the surrounding country, and it is likely that both the great cities on the Yangtse River would have fallen into their hands had it not been that losses in other provinces finally convinced Yuan Shi Kai that

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PONTOON BRIDGE BY USE OF WHICH THE IMPERIAL SOLDIERS WERE ABLE TO TAKE HANYANG

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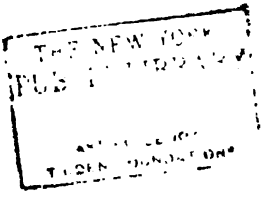
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he must make a truce with the revolutionists in order to save the country.

All the world has heard of Yuan Shi Kai, and it is possible that some day or other somebody will write his life so that people may understand just why he did some of the things he did do. At present he is somewhat of a riddle, but one thing is sure—he is undoubtedly very wise and level-headed. One thing he did, back in 1900, which China must always be grateful to him for—he saw that the Boxer riots were the very worst way to try to meet the power of the world outside the Chinese Empire, and, at considerable peril to himself, he refused to allow any such thing to go on in the two provinces over which he was Viceroy, and he protected the foreigners and the Christian Chinese. Then when the Emperor and the Empress Dowager died, and poor little five-year-old Hsuan-Tung became the Emperor of all China, apparently Yuan Shi Kai believed that the best thing for his country was to keep this little Manchu boy on the throne and give him plenty of advisors. This was just what the revolutionists did not believe. They wanted to get rid of the Manchu rule forever, and establish a republic something like ours. When, under the leadership of Sun Yat Sen and his generals, they had proved that they could do this, a very remarkable thing happened. Sun Yat Sen and Yuan Shi Kai met and talked it all over and decided that the best thing for China would be for Yuan Shi Kai to become the President of the new Republic and lead the people to accept the very things which, as head

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of the Imperial army, he had fought against. At this time, Sun Yat Sen himself was President, and it would be hard to find in all history a more patriotic act than the quiet way in which he turned over the place he had won to the man who had been his enemy, convinced that Yuan Shi Kai could carry out his hopes for the whole country better than he could himself.

Two other things happened at that time which marked the division line, as it were, between the China that had been and the China that was to be.

A long procession made its way out from the city of Nanking one February day in 1912, to the tomb of Chu Yuan-Chang, the first and greatest Emperor of the Ming Dynasty. The Mings held the throne of China for two hundred and seventy-five years before the Manchus came down from the north and took possession of it. All through the rule of the unpopular Manchus the Chinese had sighed for the good old times of the Mings; so, very shortly after the Manchu Dynasty came to an end, the leading man of the nation, Sun Yat Sen, who was President at that time, and his Cabinet, and a lot of officials and soldiers, went out to inform the spirit of Chu Yuan-Chang that China was once more in the hands of Chinese rulers. They had a lot of different patriotic exercises, and Sun Yat Sen read a "prayer" which closed like this:

"Your people have come to inform your Majesty to-day of the final victory. May this lofty shrine wherein you rest gain fresh lustre from to-day's event,

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and may your excellent example inspire your descendants in the times which are to come. Spirit, accept this offering!"

The other thing that happened very shortly after this was not so picturesque, but was really far more extraordinary. The men who were trying to plan the Constitution of the new Chinese Republic, and who were wise enough to realize, in part at least, the difficulties ahead of them, sent out an appeal to the Christians of all lands, asking that they would pray to their GOD for China and for her new government. When you remember that for about four thousand years China had had nothing to do with the rest of the world, when you think of the many gods in which her people had put their trust, and realize how unfortunate she had been so far in her dealings with Christian nations, this appeal will thrill you almost as it thrilled Ch'uen-hsi when first he heard it had gone out.

What did it mean to him? It meant that those little prayer services for China, which he had taken part in with such zeal in the Red Cross Hospital in Wuchang, would be multiplied all over the world. It meant that his country, in her hour of need, was turning away from those old ideas which he had learned were untrue, and was reaching out for just the things which he longed to help her to get. It meant to him personally, that there was no way in which he could so surely serve China as by going to the theological school and fitting himself with the

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very best that was in him, to guide his fellow countrymen into the presence of the GOD Who had loved them "with an everlasting love," and Who, "with loving kindness," was drawing them to Himself.

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CHAPTER V

"MUST ONE BE A CHRISTIAN?"

ALL this time while we have been talking about the Revolution and Ch'uen-hsi's part in it, we have left poor Yin-ti busily teaching the little school in her native town, and anxiously waiting for word of Sun Wu. When the news of his accident first came to her she was eager to start at once and hurry to Hankow, but Father T'ien knew very well that she could not help Sun Wu by going to him in the middle of a besieged city; that she would indeed only be a care to him. He himself went to join the revolutionists, promising to send back word of Sun Wu and Ch'uen-hsi if he could get a chance.

So it happened that one day, as Yin-ti sat among her pupils, there came a knock on the door and in walked a boy who reminded her a good deal of Ch'uen-hsi, as he had been when he started out on his eventful journey after Grandfather T'ien's coffin. He was a sturdy boy, but looked dusty and tired, as though he had come a long way, and under his arm he carried a long pole and a bundle.

"My name is Hsin-tsz" (faithful son), he said, "and I am sent by the honorable father of Ch'uen-hsi of the Red Cross to Yin-ti, with tidings."

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"I am Yin-ti," she answered, "what tidings do you bring?"

With that he handed to her a letter, written in English by Ch'uen-hsi. Here it is:

"To my Honorable Sister Yin-ti:

"Our father has just passed through this place and has recommended to me this boy, Hsin-tsz, as messenger of news to you. All here are in good order, including Sun Wu, whose face is mending from explosion. He is spending his time while mending rolling bandages for soldiers in hospital. After this he will take position under the Government. Our father is in the middle of the fighting, where I would gladly be, but could not because of persuasion of teachers here, who desired me to be useful in hospital work. I have made up my mind to study especially the Christian religion, and become, if possible, a priest of that to my country.

"These messages, and greetings to Honorable Wang Grandfather, I send by hand of Hsin-tsz, who is orphan because of Revolution. By him also Sun Wu sends as favor this five-color flag of the new Republic.

"Your brother,
"CH'UEN-HSI."

Yin-ti read this letter and turned to Hsin-tsz, who was unwrapping the bundle he had brought.

"See, children," she said, "this is the flag of your country, your new free country in which you will see

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wonders happen before you die. Look at its five colors. They stand for the five great divisions of China, as you know, but they stand for far more than that. When you see them think of what those colors might mean in the life of the nation: White stands for purity, blue for steadfastness, red for courage, yellow has always been the Chinese color, and in this case might well mean loyalty, and black—the absence of all color—must be the foundation virtue of unselfishness by means of which boys and girls like you will be able to help your country gain all the rest. Let us pray to God to help us think of these things whenever we see this flag, and then you may go, for there are many things I want to talk of with Hsin-tsz."

"Tell me, Hsin-tsz," she asked after the children had gone, "where did my father find you, and how does it happen that, as my brother writes, you are an orphan?"

"My mother is long dead," he answered, "and my father, uncle and brother were all killed in the riots in Hankow city. I also would surely have died, for I wanted to go after them, had it not been for T'ien Ko-ling, your honorable father. He caught me as I ran, and said: 'Boy, if you have a love-your-country heart you will not throw away a life she has need of. Come with me,' and I went. He took me to the Benevolent Hospital, for I had been hit in the head with a stone and was weak, and needed nursing. Now they have sent me with these messages to you,

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and when I go back it has been promised me that I shall be put to use in the army."

"Go then," she said, "but after the fighting is over, what will you do? Where will you go now that you have no home?"

"They say that I shall go to the Christian Trade School at Ichang, where my family has lived, but indeed I do not know about that. I want to be of use at once. Is it necessary, do you think, to be a Christian in order to serve one's country?"

Then there came over Yin-ti's face, if she had but known it, that same look of confident joy that she had wondered at when first she went to school and saw it on the faces of her teachers and school friends. Instinctively she put her hand on Hsin-tsz's shoulder and turned him toward her as she answered:

"Is it necessary? Once when I was about your age I asked that same question of Wei-Tao, and I will answer you even as she answered me. Wait and study and watch the ways of men, those who are Christians and those who are not. Look at the history of nations where the Christian God is worshipped, and compare it with that of the peoples who have not known Him. Look into the homes of the missionaries and of those among your own countrymen who have made it their chief business to honor Him in all things. Look finally into the temples of the thousand gods, and the faces of their priests, and then go early in the morning into one of the Christian churches and listen to the tidings of the 'God Who cares.' China needs your help, but she needs the very

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best help you can give, and, when you have done these things, I think you will know that in order to give her that, and be to her indeed Hsin-tsz, a faithful son, it is necessary to be a Christian. Take my greetings back to my father and to Ch'uen-hsi and Sun Wu in the hospital, and tell Ch'uen-hsi I believe he has chosen the most wise life."

After he had gone Yin-ti sat long in the little schoolhouse, the five-colored flag spread out at her feet. Hsin-tsz's question had set her thinking, and back over the path she had told him to follow she let her mind wander until before her eyes she saw the things she had tried to point out to him.

First she saw the nations, those whose strength and energy had led the world; and she knew that, although terrible mistakes had been made by them and cruel things done, they had none the less gone steadily ahead because of the great qualities of truth and justice, purity and brotherly kindness, which Christ brought into the world and which men have in so far as they follow His leadership. Then she turned to the great un-Christian countries and saw dreadful signs of falsehood and injustice, impurity and selfishness, and men trying to find their way out of these things by the help of gods their own poor minds had imagined, and idols which they had made to represent them.

Next there passed before her mind the picture of a child who had come one day to the door of her school dressed quite nicely in the clothes of a little girl, with earrings in ears and a chain and locket

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hanging down in front. She had asked the child's name and been told it was Siao P'in (small girl), when suddenly the little person burst out with:

"But I am no girl; my name is Wei-tsu (the one who becomes sufficient), of the honorable family of Kwong. I am the only son in my father's house, and they dress me in the clothes of my sisters in order that the jealous spirit which is against our family may think I am a girl and leave me alone. I have four sisters, but they are of little use, and before me my parents buried my brother twice and burned his spirit at last, so that I might be born and grow strong."

"Buried him twice, and burned his spirit," exclaimed Yin-ti, "what do you mean?" For, although unwelcome daughters were often quietly put out of the way in China, it was most unusual for a son to be so treated.

"Twice he was born, lived to be three years old, and died on the eve of the New Year. A third time, as that day drew near, he grew sick and my parents knew him for what he was. They had thought the others were separate boys, but now they knew that it was this same one, sent to them by an angry god, and born over and over simply to give them the trouble of feeding and burying him. To stop this they took him, all sick and ugly, to the execution ground, wrapped him in a mat and poured kerosene over it, so that he would never dare to come back and trouble them."

"What a horrible thing! How could they do it?"

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"They had to do it in order that I might carry on the family line, but I am afraid of the anger of that dead brother. Otherwise, do you think I would ever wear the clothes of a girl or answer to the stupid name of Siao P'in?"

Yin-ti remembered how she had gone with this poor "Sufficient" boy to his home, and had found a family whose every deed was governed by fear, fear of the anger of the gods against the son who was alive, and fear of the revengeful spirit of the son whom they had tried to destroy forever. The father himself was a Taoist priest of some renown in the neighborhood, but though he had grown rich on the money that was paid to him for prayers against the evil fortune of his neighbors, he got little comfort out of these things in his own case, and was all the time trying tricks and schemes to outwit the gods. It was little wonder that the boy despised his clothes, for he had been brought up to count his sisters as of very small use. They were all working in the homes of their future mothers-in-law at the time Yin-ti visited the family, but a neighbor's daughter, who was betrothed to Wei-tsu, was living with them and treated practically like a slave. She it was who had persuaded Wei-tsu to stop at Yin-ti's school and look, as she said, at "a girl who is so wise she can teach boys!"

Finally, in her revery, Yin-ti went into a Buddhist temple, where, by the soft light of innumerable lamps, she saw a great image of Koan-Yan, "the thousand-handed Goddess of Mercy," before whom knelt many

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women, praying for sons. On her right sat a figure with the head of a monkey, the animal that by many of the women in China is believed to protect their homes from witches and elves, and which they worship accordingly. On her left stood a carved tiger, the animal that is supposed to be able to guard children against sickness. As Yin-ti stood in the doorway of the temple she saw a little procession enter and make its way to the altar, where, before the Goddess, five girls, who had served for six years in a Buddhist nunnery, took their vows never to marry, never to eat fish, flesh, nor fowl, never to drink wine, and to follow always the teachings of the "Great God Buddha." Sad girls these, about Yin-ti's own age, who had turned to this life because life at home was impossible, and who were trying to find comfort at the feet of the Goddess of Mercy—the best they knew.

Quickly Yin-ti's mind turned to another scene: The School Chapel at Wuchang; the simple beauty of the altar, fair linen and white flowers, with the lights and the cross above it. Quiet music, a kneeling congregation, and a little company of girls joyfully entering into the full privileges of the Church of Christ. Once more she seemed to feel the hands of the Bishop upon her head, and hear his voice as he prayed: "Defend, oh Lord, this Thy servant." A great wave of pity swept through her heart as she thought of the thousands and thousands of girls all about her to whom no one had as yet spoken of the things which had come to mean so much to her, and

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from the bottom of her heart she prayed that God would defend them in the midst of all the changes that were coming so fast to China, and would help her to show them, by the example of a Christian home, something of what it meant to be a servant of Christ.

Here, with our hero and heroine ready to start out on the new life, "For God, for the Church, and for the Country," to which they have pledged themselves, the writer of this story will leave them and retire in favor of certain Chinese boys and girls who will speak for themselves in the next chapter. First, however, let one speak who is neither a boy nor a girl, but a man—Mr. Lieo, one of the clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral, Hankow. If you want to know what became of Ch'uen-hsi, and what were some of the difficulties he had bravely to meet as "a Priest of the Christian religion," read Mr. Lieo's account of his own life and you can get a pretty good idea.

F. H. LIEO'S STORY

"I was born in the Hsien-lin district of Hupeh Province in 1864, the only son and the only male hope in a family of three brothers. For this reason not only my parents but my uncles treasured me and used various means to avert danger to my precious life. I wore about my neck a silver lock to keep my soul from slipping inadvertently away from my body. Until I was ten years old I had my head shaven and was dressed as a Buddhist Priest, so that the spirits

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should be deceived into thinking me one—and therefore sacred; and I was constantly called by the family 'dog' and 'slave girl' that the same spirits—or others—might consider me not worth taking. I do not remember much about my childhood except that my older sister and I were very fond of each other, and that she took care of me. She did beautiful needlework, and people often asked her to embroider things for them, her skill was so great. I still have some of her work. She could not read a single word, and simply helped about the house, sewed, or looked after me.

"My father had plenty of land and I did not have to work, but I did not go to school till I was ten, when I grew a queue like the others and began my studies. By the end of two years I could repeat the 'Four Books' and also the 'Juvenile Learning,' but do not know that I understood or wished to understand them. The Chinese way of studying is always this for children, and I thought nothing about it until I was about twelve years old, when I remember asking the meaning of something.

"When I was eleven we had a bad harvest, and my widowed mother (my father had died when I was five) was in straits, for her property was mostly in the ground and what came from it. My sister had been betrothed to a friend's child, and now my mother asked that she be taken to her new home, she and my mother and I all crying bitterly at the separation. She was not at all happy there, and at last I brought her back for a while, much to the joy of all of us.

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"When I was not yet thirteen it was decided that I must leave school and go to an uncle who lived in Hankow, there to learn some business and reach perhaps a higher place than now seemed open to me at home. I was delighted with the idea, for I had never once been away from the village. The journey was made in company with one of my uncles. He thought I would not be able to walk so far and was going to have a wheelbarrow for me; but my excitement and pride kept me up, and we reached the river, twenty miles away, by the end of the first day.

"Here for the first time I saw a boat. Near my village there were only mountain streams not big enough even for a skiff; and so when I saw a Chinese house-boat floating on the surface of the river I cried out to my uncle to know what it was, saying it looked like a big duck. We got on board, and very full it was of people and baggage. When it began to move I was frightened, and during the whole two days not once did I look out from the cabin. Thus I reached Hankow without having received any impression from the forest of masts at the mouth of the Han and the houses crowding the bank. The streets seemed to me to be full of people, and I was very unhappy. I did not like either my aunts or my cousins. Whether it was that I was homesick, or that I was unconsciously influenced by my mother's low opinion of my aunt, I do not know; but I would not play in the house, and was not allowed to go on the street for fear of getting lost in the hurrying crowds.

"After a month my uncle said he would take me

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over to Wuchang to see my maternal aunt, wife of a catechist, Mr. Yang, who lived in the Boone School compound. I loved this aunt at once, though I had never heard anything about her before. She was a kindly woman, very fond of children, and there was something in the home atmosphere, the church services and the neighborhood of the school full of boys, which was both new and attractive. My uncle noticed how changed my manner was, and when he was about to return to Hankow he asked me whether I were willing to stay on here without him, and perhaps enter the school. I eagerly agreed, and, although the school was so full I could not enter until the next year, meanwhile I attended church and also heard my uncle's instructions in his family, and so learned to know and love the Doctrine.

"Then came my first lesson in a foreign school, when, in 1878, I entered Boone School at the age of thirteen and a half. There were about thirty boys there. A little more than a year later, when I was fifteen, I was baptized.

"During this year I had a letter from my mother telling me to come home. Rumors had reached my village that I had been sold to the foreigners, and though my mother had letters from me and did not entirely believe the report, still she wanted to see for herself, for she loved me dearly. I could not leave when she first wrote, since it was the middle of a term, but when the summer vacation came I appeared at home, much to the surprise of the neighbors, who had readily believed the story of my having been sold.

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"My sister was still at home, and we were all very happy together until my father's birthday arrived. Then my mother told me to worship my father's tablet and burn incense before it. I said that my father was not there, and why should I bow down to a wooden thing? He would not know if I did worship or not, for his body was in the grave and his spirit was not on earth. She insisted, saying: 'Foreigners may not worship in this way, but you are not a foreigner, why cannot you do it?' Then I refused, and she was so angry that I ran away and hid at a neighbor's. Everyone sided, of course, with my mother, calling me 'Foreigner.' You must remember that I, a boy of fifteen, was then the only person in the village who believed in Christianity—the only Christian most of them had ever seen—and I had been baptized only a few months, so I felt very lonely. By afternoon I wanted to go home. I crept to the door and peeped in. My mother was making dough and looked angry still. Then I thought of something. It was an extremely hot day and she was perspiring freely. I took a fan, and, going in, stood behind her and fanned her. She did not speak, but I saw from her face that the trouble was over for this time. I thanked God very heartily for this deliverance.

"After a month's time, when I asked my mother's permission to go back to school, she reminded me that her ambition for me was to do something higher in life. I replied by quoting our proverb that there is nothing high but scholarship. She finally consented,

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and neither then nor afterwards objected to my believing as I did.

"It was when I was seventeen that my two uncles decided that I ought to become betrothed, and selected the daughter of a friend of theirs. My uncle asked me if I were willing, and I said I wished I could see her; he said he had seen her and that was all that was necessary, and so the matter was arranged. Everyone was pleased with the match, for the girl's father was a well-to-do man with no sons and only two daughters. She was the younger of the two sisters, was then fourteen years old and was especially beloved. Her father was private secretary to an official. For four years a teacher came regularly to the house to give lessons to the two daughters. In that time they learned to repeat the 'Four Books' and part of the 'Juvenile Learning.' My wife says she did not like to study, but it was something to do.

"When she was three years and a half old, the binding of her feet began. I have asked her if she were not happy as a child, in a family with plenty of money, servants to wait on her, and a father and mother who loved her. But she says: 'No; my feet were always being bound. They ached all the time, and I could not play, I was so lame.' The binding was gradual but steady. To begin with the side of the foot, including the two smallest toes, was drawn under by a bandage that was at first loose, and then tighter and tighter. Soon the other toes were included in the binding, and at last the whole end of the foot

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was drawn back and under, bound tight to the sole. This resulted in the breaking of some of the bones of the foot itself. Of course, this was not done in a year. In fact, it was not considered completed until she was ten years old, and her feet were a little over three inches long. Often she secretly loosed the bandages a little, but her mother always found it out and drew them tight again. And this, too, was because she loved her. She remembered no games and no going out except sometimes on the back of a servant to see the sights in the streets. But she learned to sew and to read.

"When she was ten years old her mother died and she was sent to the house of a relative. Not long after her betrothal to me, when she was sixteen, there were some serious disturbances in Hankow and her father wished me to marry her at once, so that I might take her to Wuchang and protect her. As I was still in school I could not marry her then, but my aunt said she might come and live with her. I was very glad to have her in the family, that she might be instructed before we were married. My uncle and aunt taught her with their own children, and she liked it. I have never asked her what she thought about being married. I suppose she knew it must be, just as I did, and so took it as a matter of course. In China the boy and girl do not say whether they like it or not: their families decide for them.

"About this time I was asked if I would like to study and by and by become a clergyman. I said that I would, but was afraid my mother would not

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consent to my going so far away as Shanghai, where the divinity school was. However, after much discussion, she consented for me to go if I would send my betrothed out to live with her and take care of her while I was away.

"When I had been in Shanghai only two years, news arrived of my mother's death. I at once went home to bury her, for, though only twenty years old, I was the head of the house and must therefore be present at the funeral. It had been expected that the Buddhist priests would be invited, and that all the customary rites, including the burning of paper money for the support of the soul in the other world, would be performed by myself as chief mourner. Of course I had to tell them that these things could not be. Everyone was shocked to hear this, for to them it seemed most unfilial, and in China nothing is worse than an unfilial son. My family were especially indignant, for they would be disgraced by my behavior. My sister burned the paper money and so did the others, but that did not make up for me.

"When my uncle from Hankow arrived I went to meet him and made my reverence to him. Before I had said a word he struck me on the face so as to raise a great swelling on it, and then struck me again and again and kicked me. Because he was old and I was young, I could not return the blows. Then he threatened to send me to the Yamen for punishment as an unfilial son. I replied: 'You may have me beaten to death if you like, but I certainly will not do this foolish thing.' Then they all began to talk

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about the matter. Some said that since the church forbade my doing these things, and I was a servant of the church, I must follow its rules. Others told my uncle that if he should hurt me the church might protect me, and some of the family property be lost. I think he saw, too, that I would not be moved from my words, so he said: 'If you will not have the priests and will not burn the cashpaper, will you at least give a feast?' I consented to this, though I had to go in debt to do so, for this would take away the disgrace of a funeral where no money was spent.

"When I left the village my betrothed remained there with my sister for another year. In 1888 I finished my studies in Shanghai and returned to Wu-chang. My wife was baptized three days before our wedding, and when Mr. Graves examined her for baptism, he was surprised to find how well she answered after only a year's teaching, and although she had been in a heathen family for three years since that time. This unusual ability was because she knew how to read and could study for herself.

"I was made deacon by Bishop Boone in 1890, and that same year my first child was born—a little girl named Yuen-tsen. My wife wished to bind her feet just a little to make them look pretty, and they were that way for about a year. No tight bandages, but a strip of cloth wound around and around under the stocking, making the shape more pointed at the toe and more broad at the instep. Then she asked me what I thought about binding them tighter. I asked her if she thought God made a mistake when He

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created her feet to be large; that surely they were, like her hands, already perfect, and that to try to change them would be foolish and also an insult to God Who made them. She did not reply to this; and then I asked her if she remembered her own childhood. 'Did it hurt,' I said, 'when your feet were bound?' 'Yes,' she said, 'very much.' 'Then do you not love your own child that you should wish to make her suffer, too?' The feet were loosed at once, and neither hers nor those of her sisters were ever bound again. So they can run and play just like boys.

"I worked on in Wuchang as deacon and priest until 1900, when I was moved to Hankow. Because since then I have had sons, my neighbors say that crossing the river changed my luck. The first little boy, because my wife had so longed for him, was baptized 'Samuel.' My old uncle, who lived with me until his death, never liked the girls. He still remained a heathen until a few years before his death, and would not hear the Doctrine or read our books—which he despised as not being classics—but would rail at me, treating me as though I were still a boy. I used to manage to teach my little girls their catechism when he was about, so that he could not help hearing something, though he pretended to be asleep. Later on he changed, and was baptized, but still he did not want the girls. When at last the little boy was born—the first male descendant in the family—he was more pleased than anyone. On the third day he came in to see the child, and drew from his coat something which he was about to put around the

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baby's neck. I saw that it was one of the silver locks such as I had worn about my neck when I was a boy to keep me safe. 'Ah, sir,' I said, laughing, 'the old feeling is still there, isn't it?' Then I explained that if he put it on for beauty it was all right, but if as a charm we could not allow it. So it was taken away and little Samuel wore a cross instead.

"My heathen neighbors have wondered that I did not despise my daughters, for it is the custom in China to esteem girls lightly and to value boys. But I have never been sorry that I could not change them. They are good children, they like me and do not fear me unless they have been naughty. When they were all little I played school with them sometimes, giving them real lessons but not being very strict; and they would sit around in a circle as solemn as if they were real schoolboys. All who are old enough are in school now. My wife and I hope they are happier than we were as children, and I think they are."

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CHAPTER VI

AN INVITATION

THE statement is sometimes made that missionaries are not wanted in China. Here are some letters written by Chinese boys and girls, which show that they think that missionaries are both wanted and needed. While the writers are all students in Mission Schools, many of them have come from heathen homes and have not yet become Christians. These letters have been selected from a great number sent in, and may be accepted as sincere and disinterested testimony to the value of Christian missions in China and to the urgent need for more extensive work at this time.

The first letter is from Helen Yen, who, since writing the letter, has graduated at St. Hilda's School, Wuchang, and will teach in Anking, in the missionary district of Wuhu:

"St. Hilda's School,
"WUCHANG, Oct. 28, 1912.

"My dear Friends:

"This is my second English letter to America. The first letter which I wrote was to some other friend. That was about the revolution in our country and

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myself. I am glad to have some foreign friends, and I am very glad to hear some very interesting things about your country.

"Now I want also to tell you about myself. I was born in Hang-Chang. My family are Christians. I have two brothers and one sister. The eldest brother is studying in Boone College. The younger brother is in St. Paul's High School, Anking. My sister is married. She did not study long in school because the family that she married were not Christians. So they did not let her study and obliged her to marry early. I think you will be surprised that a Christian girl married into a family who do not believe God. I will tell you the reason why. It is, because at first my family were not Christians. My parents were keeping the old custom. When a girl or boy was just born their parents wanted to find some good family with which to arrange a marriage. That is why my sister married the family who were not Christians. Though her husband's family were not Christians, yet she was baptized and could go to church on Sunday. They did not like to have her go, but she wanted to very much, and then they let her go to church once a month. Her home is in the country; it is very far from the church.

"I thank God that he gave me very good fortune—to have large feet, to believe our true God, and to come to school to study. So I determined when I graduate I will help as many people as I can.

"I have studied in St. Hilda's School about eight years. When I came to this school there was only

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one foreign teacher and there were about thirty girls. Now we have three foreign teachers and more than seventy girls. They all are Christians except a few. Our school is growing larger than before. Now we learn music and study English. At first we have not any English. So I think to myself, if your people had not come to our country and earnestly helped our people, we never could have become stronger; and I think to myself I should be the same as my sister and other girls in our country.

"The foreign teachers in our school are Deaconess Phelps, who is the principal; Miss Scott and Miss Hutchins. Thank God we have these good teachers. Your people believed God early and the Spirit is in your hearts to make you wiser. That is why your training is better than in our country. But my heart hopes that all the schools will become larger and larger, and that all the Chinese girls will believe our true God.

"I am very sorry, for there are many, many of them who do not know our God. That is why our country is not as strong as your country. I think you all know that our country is as yours now, both are under a President. But it is not as strong as yours. The reason is because our people are not very well educated and the education is not enough. I know a country depends upon the people, just as the forest depends upon the trees and the camp depends upon the soldiers.

"Dear friends, if you pity our country and want it to be strong, please study harder during the youthful

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THE WHITE TEAM WON THE MATCH GAME, 12-11

The St. Hilda's Basket Ball Teams. The Blue Team on the left, the White Team on the right. Caroline Ten (on the left of the ball) one captain, Fang Pao Tsy (on the right of the ball) the other.

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times. If you love our country and our people as your brothers and sisters, please, when you finish your school, come to our country to help in preaching God's news. If you do come and earnestly help our people, then, of course, our country will be stronger. Dear friends, I deeply hope that you will come just in a few years, because we need you very much.

"I think if our country becomes strong, our people are all well educated and believe God, then you and our people will, with one heart and one mouth, glorify our God.

"With love to you all,

"Your new friend,

"HELEN YEN."

The next letter was written by one of the young teachers at St. Hilda's:

"St. Hilda's School,

"WUCHANG, Oct. 30, 1912.

"Dear Friends:

"There is a great sea lies between us and hinders us from seeing and talking, so I write a few lines to you. Our country is a Republic now, as you know from the newspapers, but it is not really quite like your country. If you ask me why, I must answer you that the most important reason is we girls are unable to do our duty, though I am very sorry and ashamed to say it. There is not more than one in eight who can get the education in school. A large number of

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the country girls do not know what is the difference between a Republic and an Empire, or what makes the difference between day and night, and can never read the single words as one, two, three. Some of them still bind their feet and live according to the old custom. You would be surprised how poor they are, and would ask why they did not go to school. I am sure they like to go to school very much, but they cannot because there are only a few girls' schools in the large cities, and also in these few schools they cannot have a profitable education without foreign teachers' help. The education for girls in our country is just like a little child who cannot help herself. Oh! how we need more foreign teachers. Do you see?

"The more you are thoroughly educated the more you feel that you have a duty in this world for the people who are lacking education and dying in ignorance. Do you not want to free them and save them from their present state?

"I am sure you will do much good in this world and be kind enough to come to China to help us. I do hope we shall have many teachers from among you before long.

"Wishing God's blessing on you in all that you do,

"Sincerely yours,

"PHOEBE I. C. Ho."

The three following letters are from students at St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai:

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"St. Mary's Hall,

"SHANGHAI, Nov. 14, 1912.

"My dear American Sisters:

"It is a long time since I did not receive your letter. You are very kind and always remember me. I am very happy at school, for you know that school life is the best time in my life. You say that you like to know something about why more missionaries ought to be sent to China. I am glad to tell several reasons which I can think of.

"China is an old country. Not only so, but also a powerful country. It is divided into eighteen provinces. Each province is far apart, so it is very hard for a clergy to carry doctrine from one province to another.

"Most parts of China are civilized and have already heard something about Christianity. They prepare very well to welcome more missionaries. Now our country is at the times of unpeacefulness, and it is fitting for more missionaries to come, so that good qualities may be planted in the Chinese minds. Then the end will come out naturally.

"Now China is at the time of reforming. Reforming means changing. Things changing should change into a better form, and why not religion? We all know that religion is an important thing. Not only Christians are enthusiastic over religion, but also the heathen. They build temples and worship the gods with incense, and they think that the gods made of mud and wood can save them from their dangers.

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They are willing to sacrifice themselves before these idols, but all in vain. The heathen, who believe many kinds of superstitions, are many more than the Christians. When we do a thing we like to see its success, and the clergy who spread the doctrine are the same. So I think if more missionaries are sent to China the end will come more quickly. The country will then be stronger, for strong religion is the root of a strong country.

"I hope these several reasons will satisfy you. If not, then I will think more and tell you next time.

"With my best regards to you all,

"Yours sincerely,

"LAN-TSUNG TSU."

The writer of the next letter is described by one of her teachers as being "an adorable little heathen girl, more interested in writing this letter than any other girl in the school." She certainly seems to be "not far from the kingdom."

"St. Mary's Hall,

"SHANGHAI, Nov. 5, 1912.

"*My dear American Sisters:*

"As we have investigated the prosperity or weakness of a country, we find that it chiefly depends upon whether the religious idea of that country is strong or not. Therefore, no matter how good the civilization or how intelligent the people that a country possesses, that country cannot be strong unless it has a real religion. In regard to our own country,

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China, no real religion prevails, and the people stayed in darkness for thousands of years.

"Fortunately, in recent years, the missionaries have been sent from your country to teach the real religion. The Chinese people are very hard to believe in Christ, but now some of them are changed. Even the uneducated persons, when they have seen these missionaries' perfect conduct, they will admire and try to better their own manners.

"I am sorry to say that, although you have sent a certain number of missionaries to our country, yet most interior lands have not heard of Christianity before. There are more idolators in China than all the other countries; so, for that reason, I think more missionaries ought to be sent. When our fellow-countrymen know a great deal about Christianity, the eyes of their heart will be opened and they will know that Buddhism is useless. When they understand the Bible they will know that we are all God's sons and daughters. For that reason all countrymen should love each other and never quarrel again. They will not only know that our own countrymen are their brothers and sisters, but that all the people in the whole world are brothers and sisters.

"For this reason, we should say that all Christian countries ought to send missionaries to heathen countries. When all the pagans turn to be Christians, we can live peacefully together. I think that is according to what God wants us to do.

"Sincerely yours,

"VONG-ZAN WANG."

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The following articles were written by students in the preparatory department of Boone University. Of the writer of the first article, his teacher says: "Being a non-Christian, he wrote from another point of view. He is also one of the bright students in the class. He has been known to his classmates as somewhat opposed to Christianity, so I think his letter is a great testimony:"

"Boone University,
"WUCHANG, Jan. 13, 1913.

"Before my coming to Boone, established by the American Church Mission, I felt that what induced European countries to be powerful and rich were their recent knowledge and military forces. Now, having been educated here for six years, I am convinced that my former view was entirely inaccurate. I now believe that their prosperity and importance are due to Christianity, which is the spirit and source of their civilization. In case China adopts Western civilization, to accept Christianity has to be the first step. How fortunate it is for China that Christianity is now gradually and successfully in expansion in China.

"During my stay in Boone I have been much impressed by the influence of Christianity. Now I cannot but try to express my striking impressions by the following lines.

"First, since the appearance of Christianity in China, numerous persons with western civilization have been added to the small majority of Chinese scholars; for wherever the church is there will be

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found mission schools. Moreover, because of female education carried on partly by the American Church Mission the distinction between Chinese men and women is gradually disappearing. Boone is one of the most famous mission schools in China, and has produced many graduates, and through its agency the American Church Mission is a great factor in educational matters.

"Secondly, Christianity, through the medium of the American Church Mission, has a great influence upon the Chinese personally and in society. It guides us in our struggle for life on this earth, and gives us mutual help and profit in both our mind and character. In a word, it supplies us with every virtue necessary for human beings.

"In conclusion, I cannot but glorify God for His justice, that he is making the Christian atmosphere to be wafted eastward in order to equalize the temperature of air in the universe."

The next article, "China's First Need Being a Good National Religion," was written by one of the Christian boys:

"In building a house, the first thing a man must do is to fix a firm foundation with cement, a mixture of a few elements which have the property of holding together as firmly as hard stones. On such a firm foundation, a house being built will last hundreds of years without danger of its falling down. What is true in building a new house is also true in establish-

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ing a new nation. What will the foundation of a new nation be? Will cement hold good? No, but there is some other thing which has the same effect on the nation as the cement has on the building. Religion is the thing that a nation ought to claim for her foundation; otherwise there will be nothing to unite the people.

"Since the republic of China was established, many questions have been asked as to what would be the most important thing in the organization of the government. In other words, what is her first need? Some say it is the founding of schools; some say the developing of industries, and others the building of railways. Few among them ever declare that religion is the first of China's needs. If occasionally some persons in talking with them point out that a good religion is the first and most important thing that China should adopt, they would laugh and say that not religion but industries and commerce will make China great. From this, I, without hesitation, can judge their ideas to be wrong. By this time, although China needs industries, commerce and so forth, yet they are not so important as religion. In order to make these things prosperous, men of honesty and morality are needed to manage them, else they will never be prosperous, and consequently the condition of China will be as poor as she was under the Manchu government. What makes a man honest and moral? Is it not religion alone which can prevent a man from acting badly? Some say that the population of China is very numerous, but men who do

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things with unselfishness are exceedingly few. Thus we are sensible that there must be religion to guide them in their work. What the Republic of China needs more than anything else to-day is men who live and die for others; the men who are willing to give themselves are the real citizens of our country. But these are hard to be found. They are only those who follow in the steps of Jesus Christ, Who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

Equally strong are the sentiments of the next writer, whose subject is "China's Greatest Need—the Faith of Her People in Christianity":

"Most people will laugh at me when they see this article, as they consider such a subject a stale tale talked over and emphasized by thousands of persons. But if we examine closely the complexion of society at present in our country, we will be furnished with a clear and striking illustration that Christianity is the greatest need. At the present time, all that many people desire is to live a luxurious life: the theater is their enjoyment; wine, their quenching beverage; gambling, their stimulant. A fatal result will happen if China's children seek only their own pleasure and happiness. The ignorant exceed the wise, and many people think that to be citizens of a republic means to respect no laws, obey no superiors and reverence no person. So I would say that Christianity and good government go hand in hand. Is an intrepid,

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long-legged and balky horse willing to serve his master and wander along the right course without reins? Religion is the reins to guide the people. If all would follow Christ's commands, the officials would serve the people; the people would obey the laws; the rich would contribute to relieve the poor; the wise would try their best to enlighten the ignorant. Throughout our country love and tranquillity would prevail, and we would be capable of taking our right place in the world."

These letters and papers show why these young people think that the church at home should send them more missionaries and send them soon. They are asking great things, but no more than we are abundantly able to supply. Mencius, one of the great scholars of China, once said: "If there is no reason to make a gift, then it is too much to present a single bowl of rice; but if there is a reason, then it is not too much to give away a whole country, even as Yao presented the kingdom to Hsuin." So we need to ask ourselves, "Is there any reason why we should give what is asked for by our older brother across the sea?" If so, we must not hesitate even though it means, not perhaps the giving away of a kingdom, but the giving of that which will firmly establish a kingdom—even the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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A PRAYER FOR CHINA

ANNO DOMINI 1913

O LORD our Governor, Father of all men, Whose will is manifested in the history of the nations, show forth Thy power, we beseech Thee, in this nation, now in this time of change and reconstruction. Inspire in the hearts of the people a right ideal, and move them to seek after it according to Thy laws. Save from pride and prejudice, from ignorance and self-seeking, all those who lead and rule, giving them the spirit of wisdom and counsel, to discern the times and to act for the welfare of all the people; so that a stable government may be established, and that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be set forward in China for all generations. All this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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APPENDIX

THE CHUNG HUA SHENG KUNG HUI

SOMETIMES, just because there are so many people in China, and there is so much to be done, people think that the little they can do will not be worth while. In that they are mistaken; for if everyone will help a little, the work that the church has undertaken in China can be carried on. For the purposes of the work of the whole Anglican communion, China has been divided into eleven dioceses, or, rather, missionary jurisdictions. Of these, seven are under the care of the Church of England, and all have English bishops; one is under the care of the Canadian Church and has a Canadian bishop, and the other three are under the care of the Church in America and have American bishops. It is quite true that these three dioceses alone have a population larger than that of the whole of the United States, and that the three bishops in charge are carrying a heavy burden; but they would be the last ones to tell you that the Church had undertaken an impossible task. Indeed, the more work they have to do the better they seem to like it. As long as there are so many lazy people in the world it does seem that if any one wants to work he should be given an opportunity to do so.

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But no one can do good work without proper instruments, and the instruments that these bishops need are men and women. They have recently asked the Church at home to send them out forty more workers within the next three years. If we take a glance at each of these three missionary districts we shall the better understand why these workers are needed.

The territory within which our mission stations are to be found begins with the well-known seaport of Shanghai, and takes in the Yang-tze Valley, following along that famous river (whose name is sometimes interpreted to mean "the son of the ocean") for a thousand miles. It includes five of the eighteen provinces in China; and, while it is for the most part level country, it also includes some large mountain ranges in the west. It also contains some of the most wonderful gorges in the world. The bishop of Hankow has, in his district, waterfalls which rival Niagara Falls. The work began in Shanghai in 1845, and has gradually spread out until now it extends to Sz-nan Fu, almost on the borderland between Hupeh and the great western province of Szech'uan.

1. *Missionary District of Shanghai.* This was our original diocese, and was set apart as a missionary district of the American Church in 1845. For many years it consisted of five provinces and included all the work that we were doing in China. The Rt. Rev. Wm. Jones Boone was the first bishop, and he was succeeded, in turn, by Bishops Williams, Scherechewsky, Wm. J. Boone, Jr., and the present bishop, Rt. Rev. F. R. Graves, D.D. In 1902 the work was

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divided, and since then this district has consisted of one province, Kiangsu, about as large as the state of Pennsylvania, but with a population twice as large as the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware combined. Bishop Graves has been in China since 1881. He has builded wisely and well on the foundations laid by the earlier bishops and their co-workers, and the work under his charge is second to none in China. St. John's University is known all over the country, and has done and is doing excellent work. St. Mary's Hall, a boarding school for girls, is also well and favorably known, and is doing for the girls what St. John's has long been doing for the boys. Other important institutions are St. Luke's hospital for men and St. Elizabeth's for women and children, and the orphanage for girls—all in Shanghai. The training school for Bible women is in Soochow, and the training school for catechists and St. Andrew's Hospital are in Wusih. There are, in addition to all these, forty-four mission stations under the Bishop's care.

2. *Missionary District of Hankow.* This consists of the province of Hupeh and a part of the province of Hunan, the rest of Hunan being under the care of one of the English bishops. It is about as large as the state of California, and has a population equal to one-half of the whole of the United States. It is situated in the central part of China, in the midst of the Mandarin speaking people. The most important institution is Boone University, Wuchang. St. Hilda's boarding school for girls is increasing in num-

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bers and influence every year. There are two hospitals in Wuchang, St. Peter's for men and "Elizabeth Bunn Memorial" for women and children. The training schools for Bible women and catechists are in Hankow. There are thirty-six mission stations. The present bishop, the Rt. Rev. Logan H. Roots, D.D., was consecrated in 1904 to succeed the Rt. Rev. James Addison Ingle, D.D., who was the first bishop of this district.

3. *The Missionary District of Anking.* This district was cut off from the district of Hankow by the General Convention of 1910. It lies between the districts of Shanghai and Hankow, and consists of the two provinces of Ankwei and Kiangsi. It is about as large as the states of Connecticut and Maine combined, and has a population fully three times as large as the whole of New England. The bishop is the Rt. Rev. D. T. Huntington, D.D., who was consecrated on the feast of the Annunciation, 1912. The largest institution in this diocese is St. James' Hospital, Anking, which is one of the largest hospitals in Central China, and in connection with which are schools for the training of both men and women as nurses. There are no colleges in this district, but there are boarding schools for boys at Anking and Wuhu, and St. Agnes' school for girls in Anking. There are ten mission stations.

In every one of these institutions in these three districts more workers are needed. First in importance, perhaps, come the schools. Our Chinese clergy for these three districts must come from the boys who are

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now in St. John's and Boone Universities. A fair share of the doctors who are to make over the health and hygiene of Central China must come from them, as well as the teachers who are to carry on the educational work which we have begun. Already much has been accomplished. There are, in all, some thirty-five Chinese clergy who are doing noble work for Christ, but their number should be multiplied by ten if the multitudes of their fellow-countrymen are to be reached. That means more clergymen and teachers from America to assist in their training. The boarding schools for girls, St. Mary's, St. Hilda's, and later on St. Agnes, are the places to which we must look for our future supply of teachers, trained nurses and women workers for all branches of church work.

St. James' Hospital, Anking, has been carried on for several years with only one foreign doctor where there should be three, and the same is true of most of our hospitals in China. And yet, this is the day of opportunity for medical work in China. Not only is the old prejudice against foreigners changing into an admiration for many of their methods, but the revolution opened a new door for medical missions. The work of the missionaries in the Red Cross Society made a profound impression upon the people. In Hankow, for instance, the Cathedral was turned into a temporary hospital; and not only the doctors and nurses, but all of the missionaries who were able to do so, joined willingly and gladly in the work of relief. They ministered, as did our blessed Lord, both to the bodies and the souls of men, and won the

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admiration of the people by their skill as well as by their devotion. The consequence is that more young men are eager to study medicine, and more girls are willing to enter the training school for nurses than ever before. If they do so, we must have more doctors and nurses to train them.

In most of our mission stations we have day schools for boys, but only in the large centres have we schools for girls. In every mission station we ought to open a day school for girls. If we do, most of the children who enter the schools will come from heathen families; and in this way we may be able to reach hundreds of homes that are, as yet, untouched. We ought also to open kindergartens in all of the large cities, and thus we would be reaching the children almost from their infancy. This is all the more important when we realize that the religious practices of heathenism are carried on very largely by children. They are taught, almost from their babyhood, to burn incense before the idols, and to burn the paper *cash* for their ancestors. In some parts of China children only a few years old may be seen wearing the penitent's robe, which shows that they are supposed to be bearing the sins of their parents. On one of the sacred mountains, where thousands of pilgrims go every year, there is a precipice named "Self-Sacrifice Peak," where every year many youthful pilgrims hurl themselves down to a certain death, as a sacrifice to the gods on behalf of their parents. The day of their youth is the day of our opportunity.

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But, aside from all these institutions, we need more workers (and notably more young women workers) in every one of these three districts. It is true of Shanghai, the oldest, no less than of Anking, the youngest; though perhaps it is more conspicuously true of the latter, because Bishop Huntington has women workers in only one station in his diocese—that is, at Anking.

A typical instance is that of Ichang, in the district of Hankow. Work was begun there as far back as the days of the first Bishop Boone; but in all these years the Church has never sent a woman worker there; all that has been accomplished for women has been done by volunteer workers. Yet Ichang is a most important city. Not large, as we count numbers in China (about 70,000 inhabitants), but it is the gateway to Western China, and from there we should have a chain of outstations extending to the Church of England diocese of Szech'uan. We have two departments of work in Ichang quite different from any other work that we have undertaken in China. One is the "blue thread" and lace industrial work for women, and the other a Trade School for boys. When Bishop Huntington was stationed in Ichang (he was there for some ten years before he became bishop of Wuhu), his aunt, Miss Huntington, started this industrial work for women. It was largely from the proceeds of this work that the Trade School was supported when first started as a refuge for beggar boys. So it has not only been a source of income to the mission from the first, but

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has also been the means of livelihood for about a hundred women.

The Trade School was opened by Bishop Huntington in response to an urgent necessity. The cargo junks come down the gorges from Szech'uan to Ichang with very little effort, and in consequence the necessary work can be done by small boys. They have not sufficient strength to take the boats back, and so having been enticed away from home under false pretences ("cheated down," as they say), they are left alone and friendless in a strange place. For this reason, Ichang has more than its share of young beggars; and this school is the means by which many of them may be taught a trade and given an opportunity to grow up into useful men. There are now more than a hundred boys there being taught all sorts of trades, and the fame of the school has spread far and wide. It has served as an object lesson to show people what Christianity really means, and has opened the way for a fuller presentation of the Gospel.

All our schools and all our hospitals are useless unless they help towards the building up of Christian homes. Now you cannot have Christian homes without Christian women; and you cannot have Christian women unless you begin with the girls; and you cannot begin with the girls unless you have some one to do the beginning. Ichang is one of the many places where the Church should send two young women at once. They would find waiting for them the little girls in the primary schools, ready by the help of

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their teaching and example to grow up into Christian women. They would find waiting for them the women of the industrial work, to whom the Church owes it that they should be taught something more than the work of their hands. They would find waiting for them the families of young men who have been educated in our mission schools, and yet who have not been able to persevere in their Christian life because of the heathen influence of their wives and mothers. They would find waiting for them a still larger number of girls and women who have never, in any way, been reached by the message of the Cross. And when they had delivered this wonderful message to all the women and children in Ichang, they could push on beyond the mountains to the very borders of Szech'uan.

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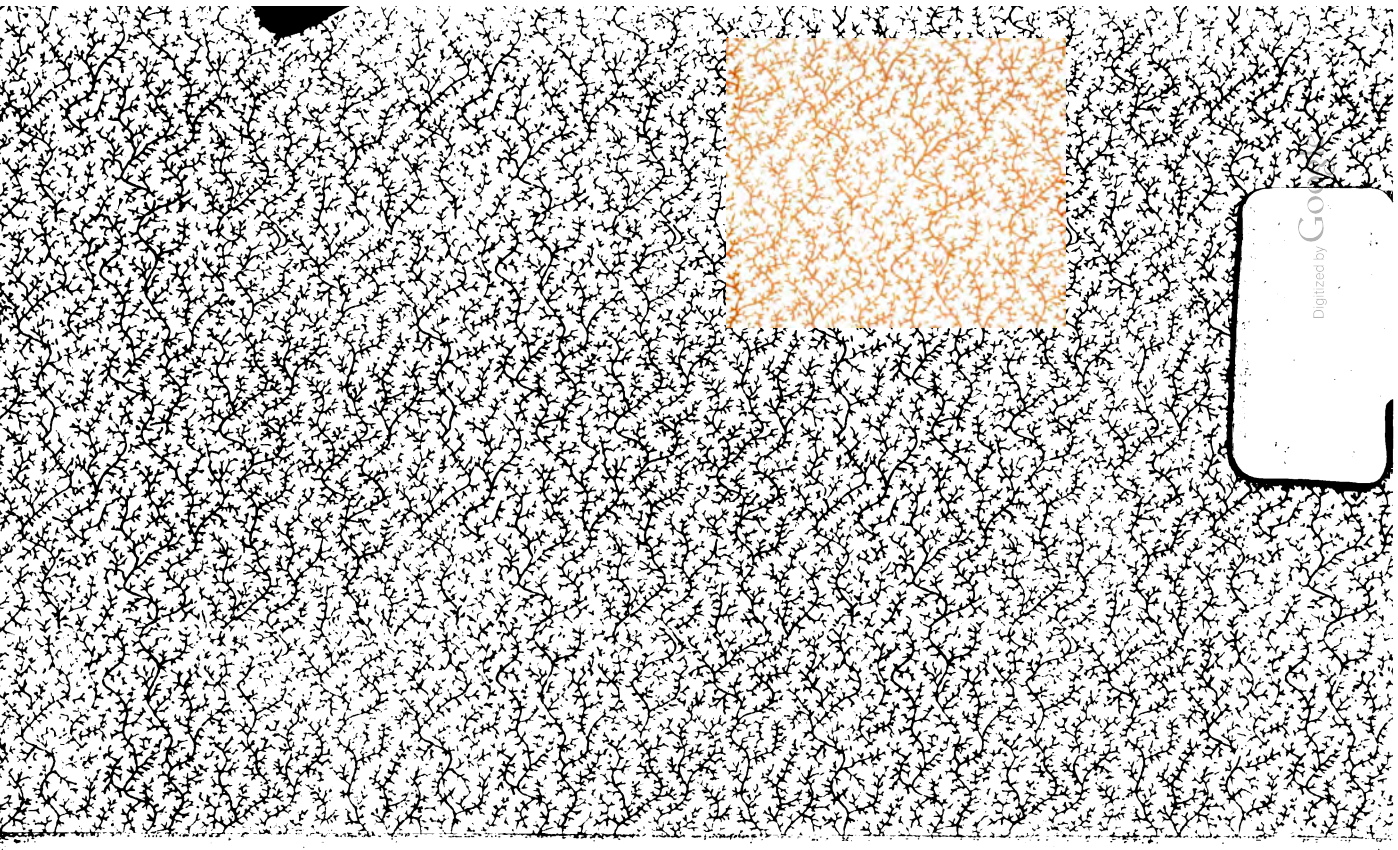
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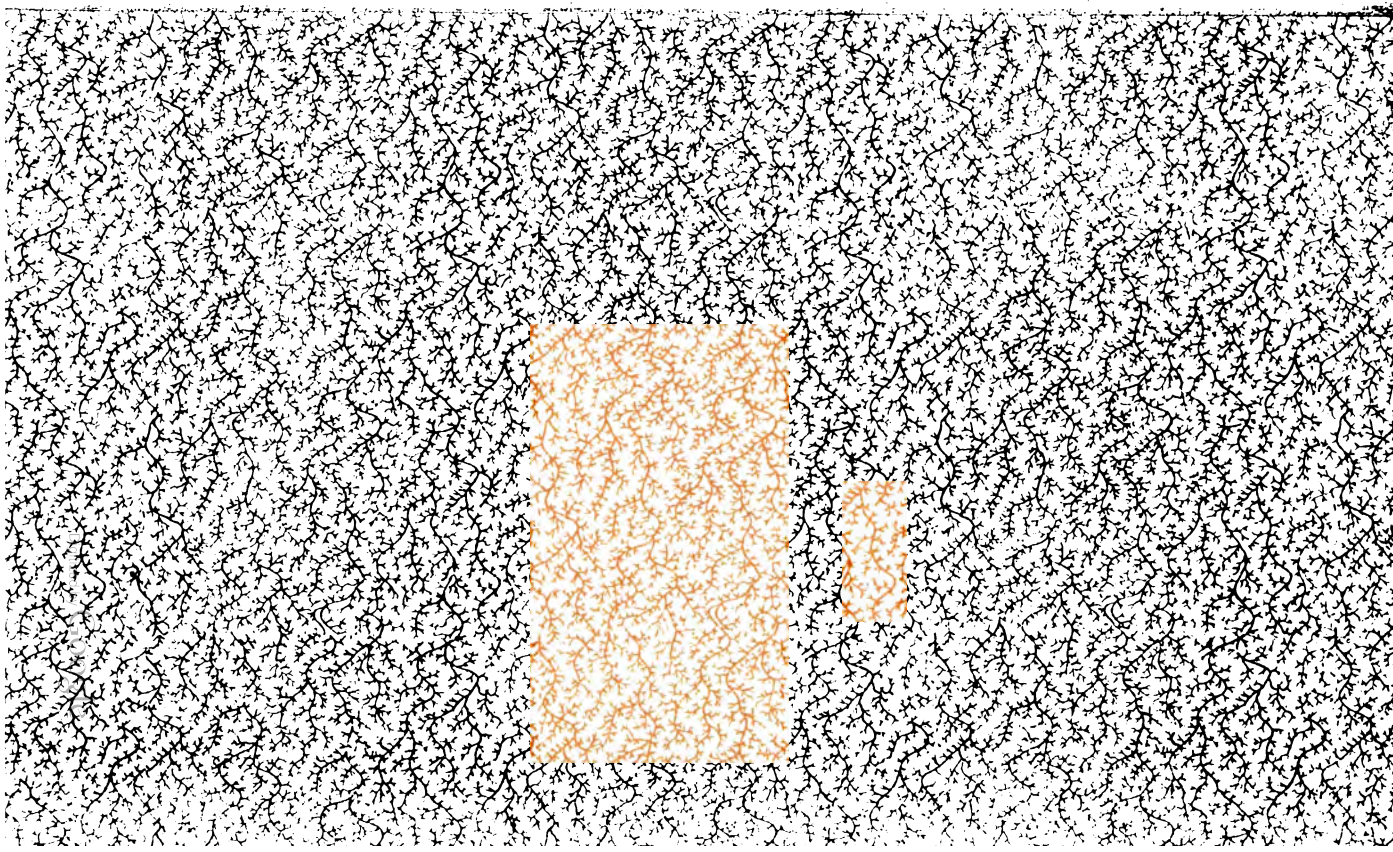

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